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August '08

Fields of Film



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Volume 8 | Issue 71 | August 2008

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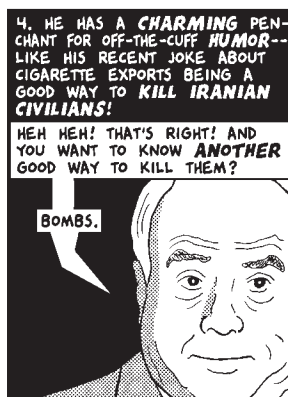
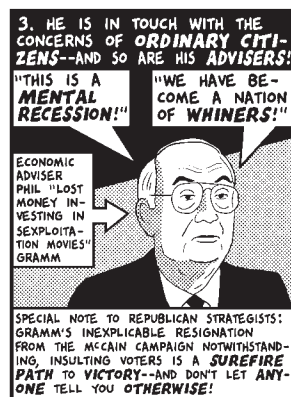
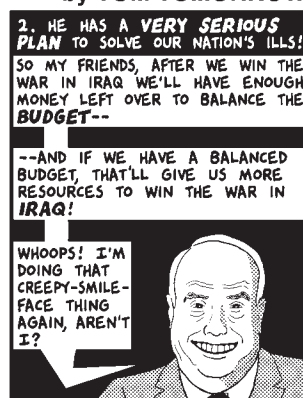
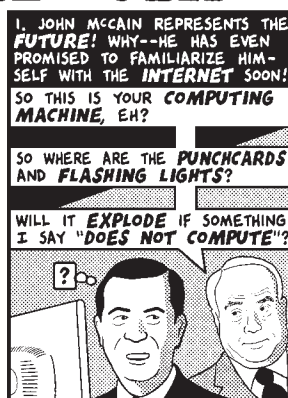
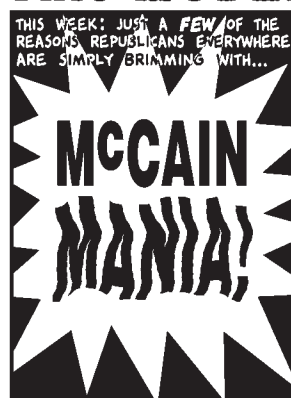
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Advertising and Calendar deadline is the 19th of every month. Contact Little Village for an ad rate card.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



Flood Stories

Making meaning of here and now through then and elsewhere

As our community continues to recover from our greatest disaster ever, flood stories are piling up like sandbags near the riverbank. Personal stories of homes destroyed, of the kindness of strangers, of grit and determination, of remarkable generosity, and of watery amazement are all entering the annals of our community experience and history.

I'd like to share a somewhat different take on "flood stories." As all good storytellers, Jungians, and theological typologists know, we enact the stories of our culture every day. Stories that are passed down from generation to generation have provided patterns of existence since humanity first began putting one image or word after another. So as we have sandbagged, moved things to higher ground, helped and comforted each other, and just stared dumbfounded at the fury of rising waters, we have entered the stream of stories that go back hundreds and thousands of years and continue into more recent times. Here, I think, are some of those stories.

The Flood

Can we begin anywhere else? Most, if not all, cultures and religions have their flood stories. Most of us are probably most familiar with the Christian story of Noah and the Ark, but g(G)od(s) have been flooding humankind since humankind existed. I will not at all push the punishment for sins aspect of this story onto our community, though others have already tried. But beyond that, many of us indeed were Noahs collecting the animals two by two as we gathered what was most important to us—and only what was most important—in order to continue. And the Noah story does end on an optimistic note. Indeed there is a rainbow, and we will continue on even better than before.

The Wizard of Oz

A powerful storm takes us to a strange place. Granted, where we went did not have beauti-

ful yellow brick roads and Emerald Cities. But remember that, in the movie, Dorothy also encountered ornery trees that threw apples at her, a malevolent witch hellbent on killing her, and—*shudder*—flying monkeys. The original L. Frank Baum book had even more hor-



rors for the little girl and her faithful friends to contend with. But the point is that, as a result of this journey, Dorothy realized just how much she loved and belonged in her home. I hope that Eastern Iowans came out of our storm realizing that, indeed, "there's no place like home."

Frankenstein

Mary Shelley's novel is in many ways a classical tragedy. Man believes that he is equal or superior to the powers greater than himself, and ruination results. In ancient Greece, Oedipus and his ilk thought they could escape their fates as set out by the gods, with, by definition, tragic results. Victor Frankenstein thought science and technology could trump nature (and God). His monstrous result ended up killing him in the bleak Arctic. In the 20th century, Americans thought they could control the forces of nature through technology. Locks, dams and reservoirs were to "solve" the "problems" of nature. The fatal mistake, or "hamartia," of the ancient Greeks was hubris. The same goes for Frankenstein.

The Iowa City Press-Citizen recently reprinted excerpts from a 1945 "Questions and Answers on the Coralville Reservoir Project" series as the dam and reservoir were in the planning stages. In answer to the question, "If the dam would be built, would Iowa City have any more serious floods from the Iowa River?" the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers

simply answered, "No." This was not so much naiveté as hubris. The recent headlines that have screamed that we were "battling Mother Nature" are entirely wrong. We have been battling our own hubris and the Frankenstein monsters that we have created as a result. As Connie Mutel has so convincingly and elegantly explained in her recent book *The Emerald Horizon: The History of Nature in*

Indeed there is a rainbow,
and we will continue on
even better than before.

Iowa, we have removed every natural flood mitigation mechanism that the native prairie marshaled to itself—deep perennial root systems, perpetual natural ground cover, and wetlands. As we divert water through tiling and storm sewer systems into our remaining streams, as we replace more and more ground with cement and as we build more and more complicated artificial flood control systems, the pent-up forces of water merely accumulate rather than dissipate, and eventually they devastate.

The Tempest

Although we now classify this late Shakespeare play a "romance," it shows true classical comedic structure. Of course, I'm not talking about Moe-poking-Curly-in-the-eyes "comedy." In some ways, tragedy is uncompleted comedy. In comedy, the conflicts are resolved and the social order is restored. After the storm brings the cast of characters to Prospero's magical island, the social disruptions are resolved, reconciliation abounds, and those in bondage are freed. While we wouldn't want the social hierarchy of Renaissance Europe to be alive and well in Iowa City, our storm has shown us that we need to relate to each other with brotherhood and sisterhood to form a good society. We have, I think, risen to the occasion, and as we restore and/or move our homes, our businesses, our institutions, and our natural areas—together—we complete the comedic round and end up as a stronger community than when we started. **lv**

Thomas Dean lives on the east side of Iowa City, and he is grateful his home did not flood.

Rubbed Raw

Iowa flooding takes its toll not only on the homes and hearts of Iowans but also on their hands.

I often find myself examining my hands because I'm unaccustomed to these marks. I have, what one of my uncles once called, a cushy desk job. I am a data analyst, spending most of my days at a computer or in meetings, not working with my hands the way others do. I am probably one of those guys the "manly men" (and they are mostly men) mock as they drink a beer after a hard day's work using their hands to fix furnaces or cars, stuff for which I have little aptitude. A workday where—at the end—they can point to something tangible, a building or road built and say, "I did that."

I received my first callus of the year at the Brown Deer golf course driving range this spring. I had a glove on my left hand but got a sore on my third finger of my right hand from the way I was gripping the club. This callus has long since faded like the leisure time that doesn't exist right now for me and many other flood victims. I still had my golf callus when I received the next batch while tying sandbags without gloves. Later in the first day of sandbagging, I found some tight fitting gloves to wear while tying but the damage had been done. The twine that seals the sandbags had cut its way through the skin on my first knuckle of three different fingers. Using reserve energy I didn't know I had and working through any pain and fatigue was one of the most astonishing things. My body may have been tired and hands hurt but my mind said, "There is no choice. The floodwaters are coming. We have to get ready." Many others must have had the same feeling because the collective effort was phenomenal. Even in our relatively small neighborhood, hundreds of people came to build a sandbag wall in an effort to keep the river at bay.

After we evacuated our house the river made its way into the neighborhood, our yard and our house. My next calluses were on my fingertips. Wet carpet and padding is too slippery to wear gloves while pulling it up. Even though the carpet would come up in big sections, it was far too heavy with floodwater to move in one piece. I used a utility knife to cut the carpet into two-foot sections and throw it out the nearest window, trying to remove any

moisture from the house as quickly as possible. Again, the extra energy kicked in because of the urgent need to dry out the house before any mold began to grow. Less than two weeks after we evacuated our house, I returned to my cushy desk job but felt like I had taken on a part-time job for which I never interviewed. Many evenings and weekends are spent at the house, cleaning, rearranging and moving.

The most recent marks on my hand were from cleaning rain gutters on our house at the advice of our building contractor. I pried the gutter screen from under the roofing tiles

I returned to my cushy desk job but felt like I had taken on a part-time job for which I never interviewed.

then bent them up so I could reach around and scoop out the accumulated mud inside. Not wearing gloves or a long sleeve shirt initially left my hand with long scratches looking like I was in a knife fight or had made a razor blade suicide attempt with terrible aim. Even though most of the marks, calluses and scratches on my hand have faded, there will surely be more in this clean-up and restoration effort as I continue to emulate the manly men. **lv**

Craig Jarvie has a home in the Parkview Terrace neighborhood. He works as a data analyst and an independent radio producer.



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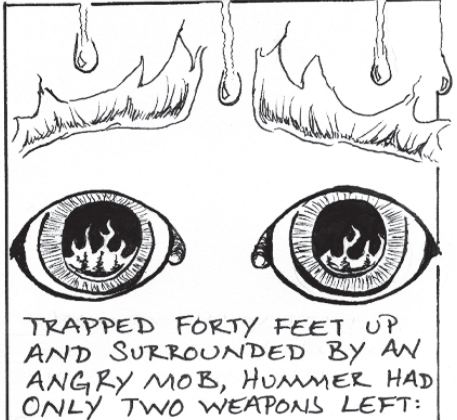
IN LATE SUMMER, 1848, ONLY WEEKS AFTER HIS MYSTIC MUMBO-JUMBO GOT HIM FIRED FROM HIS POST AS IOWA CITY'S FIRST PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, MICHAEL HUMMER RETURNED WITH A LADDER, A HORSE, A WAGON, AND HIS FRIEND, DR. J.W. MARGRAVE. TOGETHER THEY PLANNED TO STEAL THE BELL FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. HUMMER FIGURED IT BELONGED TO HIM - AFTER ALL, HE'D RAISED THE BELL FUND...

AND BESIDES, THE CHURCH STILL OWED HIM \$650 IN BACK WAGES - JUST ABOUT THE PRICE OF A NEW BELL.

IA Confidential

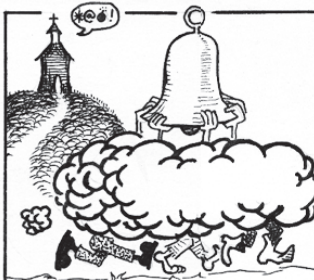
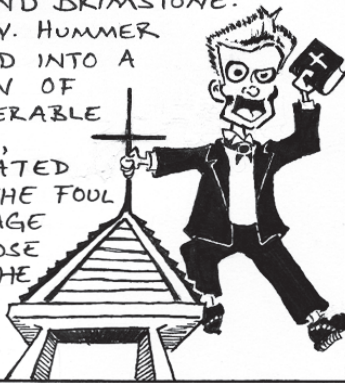
THE PAIR CLIMBED A LADDER TO THE BELFRY, SET UP ROPES AND TACKLE, AND LOWERED THEIR EVANGELICAL BOOTY TO THE GROUND. DR. MARGRAVE LEFT TO GET THE HORSE AND WAGON

... BUT BEFORE HE RETURNED, AN ANGRY CROWD OF CHURCHGOERS STOLE THE REVREND'S LADDER, STRANDING HIM.



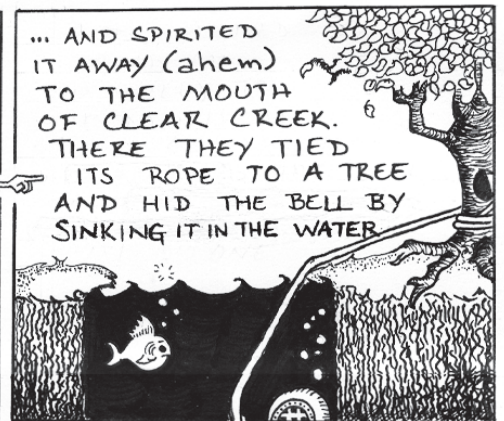
TRAPPED FORTY FEET UP AND SURROUNDED BY AN ANGRY MOB, HUMMER HAD ONLY TWO WEAPONS LEFT:

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE! THE REV. HUMMER LAUNCHED INTO A SERMON OF CONSIDERABLE WRATH, PUNCTUATED WITH THE FOUL LANGUAGE AND LOOSE BRICKS HE FLUNG AT THE CROWD.



MEANWHILE, A POSSE FROM THE CHURCH SCOOPED UP THE FALLEN BELL...

... AND SPIRITED IT AWAY (ahem) TO THE MOUTH OF CLEAR CREEK. THERE THEY TIED ITS ROPE TO A TREE AND HID THE BELL BY SINKING IT IN THE WATER.



MARGRAVE RETURNED AND HELPED HIS FRIEND DOWN FROM THE BELFRY. WITH THE CONGREGATION IN HOT PURSUIT, THE WOULD-BE BELL THIEVES SCURRIED BACK TO KEOKUK.

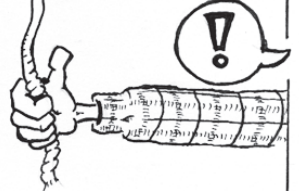


KEOKUK

HUMMER WAS THE LAUGHING STOCK OF IOWA CITY. THAT NIGHT, DRINKING AT SWAN'S HOTEL, LOCAL LAWYER JOHN COOK - INSPIRED BY THE ALE AND MOORE'S "THOSE EVENING BELLS" - WROTE THIS SONG:

"AH HUMMER'S BELL, HUMMER'S BELL
HOW MANY A TALE OF WOE 'TWOULD TELL
OF HUMMER DRIVING UP TO TOWN
TO TAKE THE BRAZEN JEWEL DOWN,
AND WHEN HIGH UP IN HIS BELFRE-E,
THEY MOVED THE LADDER, YES, SIRE-E;
THUS WHILE HE TOWERED ALOFT, THEY SAY,
THE BELL TOOK WINGS AND FLEW AWAY!"

BUT THE JOKE WAS ON THEM: WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE CREEK AND HOISTED UP THE BELL-ROPE, THE BELL WASN'T THERE ANYMORE!
NEXT ISSUE: DING-DONG GONE



Food Without the Wrapper

Too many people in this country, I have learned, have been sold a bill of goods. They've been tricked. Flim-flammed. Conned. Hussled. Bamboozled into believing that food comes wrapped in plastic from a freezer in the nearest Wal-Mart and that cooking is a chore, like laundry or washing windows, to be avoided if at all possible and then done only grudgingly when absolutely necessary.

I understand that there are those who just plain don't like to cook, and that's fine. What I think is unfortunate is when folks think that it is too expensive, in terms of time or money or both, and have therefore forgotten anything they were ever taught about how to cook, if they were taught anything at all. Those of us who learned by their grandmother's apron strings are becoming a rare breed.

If the turnout at my cooking demo at the downtown Iowa City farmers market one Saturday is any indication, however, there are still plenty of people who want to get back into the kitchen. I'm hoping the economic situation is not the only reason for it, but it is a good one. While proving that cooking is easy and fun, my wife Kim and I also managed to disprove the notions that it's too time consuming to cook and that it's too expensive to shop at the farmers market.

The King and the Clown would both have you believe that it is better to zip by the drive-thru (See? They even shorten the word "through." Damn they're quick!) than to prepare a healthful delicious meal at home. They've used pusher-like techniques on us since we were children so that as adults we'd think it's normal to fuel our bodies in the same fashion as our cars. Yet in 45 minutes at the market, I was able to demonstrate four different dishes and sample them out to all 50

people for less than \$30.

I made a summer ratatouille, a chopped salad that made its own dressing, auflaufs (a type of Austrian crepe) filled with raspberries and cherries, and a breakfast dish my kids call "diggity" of potatoes, onions and peppers, topped with eggs. Now granted it's true that I am a classically trained chef with nearly three decades of experience, but seriously, none of the things I made require much more than a

{ Those of us who learned by their grandmother's apron strings are becoming a rare breed. }

skillet, a knife, and an opposable thumb. My grandmother's recipe for auflauf batter calls for "2 forkfulls of flour, an egg, and enough milk." She was admittedly a bit vague, but it really could not get much simpler.

In today's world it is unrealistic to expect people to cook every single meal for themselves. Heck, I own a restaurant — I'd lose my livelihood if they did. But to sacrifice one's respect for the creative process of cooking and the reverent act of eating in order to mistake frenzy for efficiency just seems downright sinful to me. Eating is important. It's more important than sex. Think not? When's the last time you went a week without eating? **lv**

"It's About the Food" is a monthly feature of Little Village. Chef Kurt Michael Friese is co-owner, with his wife Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay and serves on the Slow Food USA Board of Directors, as well as being editor-in-chief of the local food magazine Edible Iowa River Valley. His forthcoming book, A Cook's Journey: Slow Food in the Heartland will be released this month.

Chef Kurt's Grandma's Auflauf

- 2 forkfulls of flour (seriously, that's what she wrote, but it comes to about 2.5 T)
- 1 egg
- "enough" milk (I'll explain in a minute)

Heat a 10-inch skillet (non-stick, if you prefer) over medium-high heat and melt a teaspoon of butter in it. While the butter melts, crack the egg into a bowl, add the flour and beat. It'll get thick and pasty. Mix in enough milk to get the consistency you like. Thinner batter makes a thinner, more delicate auflauf.

When the butter is melted, pour the batter into the pan and tilt side-to-side to spread the batter out thin. As bubbles begin to appear on the surface, the auflauf is ready to turn (usually 2-3 minutes). Flip it with a spatula, cook 1 minute further, and remove to a plate to serve.

Auflaufs are fine plain, but are more interesting filled and rolled. Your favorite jam is always a good filling, or brown sugar, or orange liqueur. At the farmers market, I simply sautéed some sour cherries with raspberries and added a little honey. With a little imagination the possibilities are legion.

International food can be hit-or-miss in small Midwestern cities. But thanks to a diverse population and a propensity for eating out, Iowa Citians can eat their way through a culinary world tour within city limits on a reasonable budget. Here are two stops that should be on everyone's list.

Oasis Falafel

206 N. Linn St., Iowa City
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While you might spot their products in local grocery stores, or even the IMU cafeteria, don't pass up a full, delicious meal at Oasis Falafel. Eating out healthfully can be a challenge. There aren't many restaurants where the ingredients are few and the dishes are homemade. Even fewer are the restaurants where such food is reasonably priced.

Well known for the authentic falafel—fried balls of seasoned chickpeas—it's also popular for its vegetarian friendly menu.

A platter, complete with a falafel sandwich and homemade fries or pita chips is an excellent lunch for under \$10. For omnivores, seasoned lamb, chicken or beef may be added for a few bucks. Pile on all the hummus, baba ganoush and mediteranian salads you can eat. If you're still hungry for dessert after the generous portions, try the baklava, a layered pastry with honey and nuts, which is best accompanied by a Turkish coffee.

Thai Spice

1210 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City
www.thaishpice.com

The restaurant makes a fantastic version of the traditional Pad Thai, a stir-fried noodle dish with tofu, tamarind paste, eggs, green onions, bean sprouts and crushed peanuts. Diners will also find the usual stir-fry, noodle and curry dishes, with spice adjustable to your preference.

On my last two visits, I have ordered dishes from the chef's special menu. I am in love with the fried red snapper in garlic sauce. This dish is composed of a whole red snapper chopped into large chunks, breaded, fried, and served piping hot with rice. The sauce, like so many Thai sauces, is a balance of sweet, salt, savory and heat. My vegetarian partner was more than satisfied with the fried tofu appetizer and spring roll options.

At Thai Flavors, entrees range from \$7 to \$16 for generous portions making this a great restaurant to experience family style. Enjoy it all with a cool, sweet Thai tea with milk.

Alicia Ambler



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A Job Less Ordinary

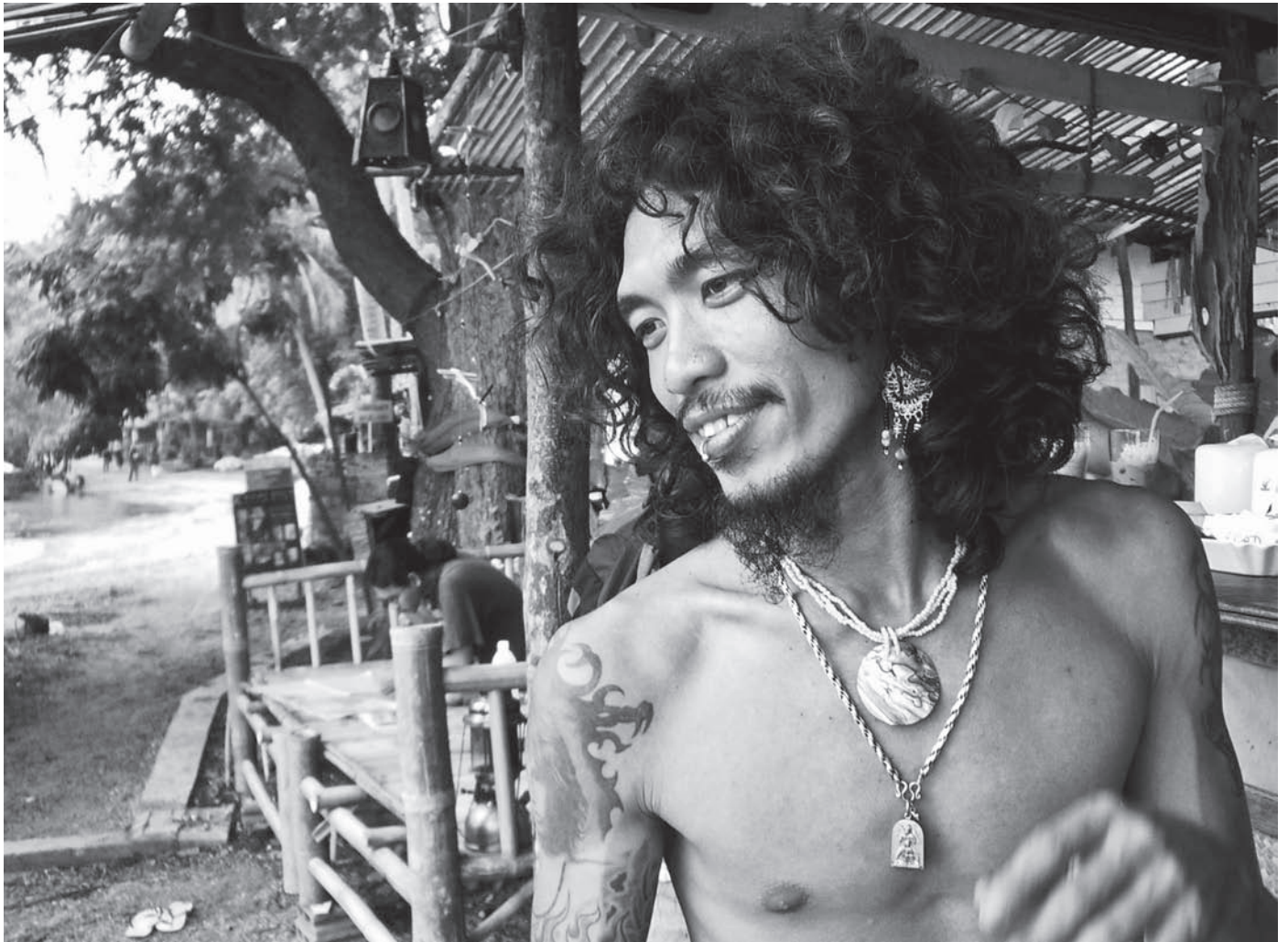
I write this from the top bunk of my cabin on Deck 1 of a Royal Caribbean International cruise ship, with the sun reflecting off of the ocean and through my porthole. I love my porthole. Four years ago, I graduated from Iowa, a Psych major on my way to Japan. For three years I taught English and traveled. While my friends carried on with master's degrees and real jobs, first homes and marriages, I wrote blogs about school lunch and office politics. And of course, I took photos.

Megan Walton

St. Patrick's Day | Often in Japan, the situation would become so unbelievably random that I found myself stopping, stepping outside of the situation for a moment and allowing myself to fully appreciate the absurdity of it all. The St. Patrick's Day parade in Tokyo was one of those times.



Angels for a Moment | To get past the "guest" hurdle can take years. I was fortunate to become family quickly. We explained to the children that I was going home to the states and I'd see them in a while. Kesuke, at three, didn't quite understand. "It's ok, I can drive to see Megan," he said to his mother.



ABOUT THE STORY

Each August, an influx of college freshmen invades the downtown streets looking for friends, alcohol access, and their life paths. Not all of them stay to become sophomores, fewer go on to call themselves juniors and seniors, and some come back to finish what they started. Having stayed in Iowa City after graduating college, I can count the benefits and drawbacks to staying here on both hands, feet, and on all of the days on my Outlook calendar that I would have preferred to call in sick. Megan Walton's path to career success and happiness isn't as direct—nor is it domestic. The Japan Exchange and Teaching Programme [sic] gave a backdrop to her early twenties and launched a "career" of travel in search of a career *in* travel. Possibilities seem to have an end after one graduates, but Megan has proved that one possibility leads to another leads to another, and that only life itself has an end. Now Megan works for Royal Caribbean International as an Adventure Ocean Youth Staff member, entertaining and educating the children on board.

Melody Dworak

New Earrings | We stayed on a tiny little beach in Thailand for a few weeks in the summer. As the time progressed we became friends with the local boys who reminded me of the boys back when I lived in Iowa City—the artists who always made me laugh, the musicians who always entertained.



Mount Fuji | We started climbing around 8 p.m. It should have taken about five hours. It took me at least eight. Climbing Mount Fuji is an endurance test, much like living in Japan. Once you start, the only way to finish is to keep going. You can't turn back and go the other way.



Prague Square | I was only in Prague for a few days—a weekend trip from England. As we walked through large, magnificent squares, teeming with people, I thought of the Ped Mall. Perhaps not so grand and not so crowded but nevertheless important. It's all about community, and when I go back to Iowa City, it's one of the first places I go.



Life Boat | How normal is it to have boat drills three times each week? For me, very. Some people do ship life for years. I don't know how long I'll last. I like waking up in a different port everyday, but I also think I might be ready to find a more permanent home after all of these wanderings. No matter what I decide, my passport will always be close and current!



See these photos in color and more shots online at www.LittleVillageMag.com



Photos by Dawn Frary

There is an American Indian legend that says when a human dies, there is a bridge he or she must cross in order to enter heaven. At the head of the bridge waits every animal that person encountered during his or her lifetime. Based on what they know of this person, the animals will decide which humans may cross the bridge and which will be turned away.

There will be birds waiting at my bridge.

Recently I showed up for my volunteer shift at the Macbride Raptor Project (MRP) and saw the paperwork for a juvenile red-tailed hawk out on the table. He had been released from the flight cage the previous day. I felt a multitude of emotions, but was ultimately proud. I was the last person to work with him. Even though I wasn't there to see him fly back into the wild, I took great pride in knowing that I had a hand in his successful rehabilitation and subsequent release. He was the very first bird I worked with and handled, so I was sad to see him go for that reason. But that's what wildlife rehabilitation is all about. The successful release of the animal—while it may be hard after spending time with the bird, learning its personality, holding it against you, and being able to look straight into its eyes—is the goal. These animals don't want to live in cages, and

nobody should want them to live in cages. I know that that hawk was able to survive his injury and return to his true home partly because of me. It felt good.

The MRP is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation of Iowa's raptors and their natural habitats, and it exists through the combined efforts of The University of Iowa and Kirkwood Community College. The medical clinic is located on the Kirkwood campus in Cedar Rapids, and the flight cage and raptor

Cancilla said. "Education helps people, animals, habitat and the environment. Research helps us to understand the interdependence of the earth, people and animals that live together."

I have had the privilege of being a volunteer with this organization since December of 2006, and I recently began my training as a rehabilitator. I've been taught to catch, handle and perform physical therapy with a wild raptor—feats that some make look easy but

"Self-satisfaction is quite often the only compensation for two-hour feedings, cage cleaning and all the other unmentionable attributes of wild babies."

— JEREMY RICHARDSON

exhibit are located at the Macbride Recreation Nature Area in Solon. The organization is headed by Jodeane Cancilla, who began her career with the MRP over 20 years ago as a volunteer during college. Cancilla feels that the MRP has three important areas by which their goals are achieved: rehabilitation, education and research. These three areas "all depend on each other," she said.

"Rehabilitation helps individual animals,

in reality involve delicate maneuvers. Seeing the stubbornness in the birds' faces is always very interesting. The bird will tell you not only what he wants to do but what he's willing to do. A rehabber's job is knowing how to listen.

Wildlife rehabilitation involves caring for sick, injured, and orphaned wild animals with the goal of releasing each into its natural habitat with the ability to survive independently. Rehabbers are licensed through the Iowa

Department of Natural Resources, and while there is no formal education required prior to one becoming a rehabilitator, those seeking to do so must first apprentice with a one who is licensed.

Rehabilitation is a labor of love, as rehabbers outside organizations like the MRP of-

Wapsi River Wildlife Project (WRWP), an organization located near Anamosa. Clabough, who has been rehabilitating wildlife for 25 years, said she has worked with every wild animal that is native to the state, but in the last two years, she has focused her work on endangered or threatened species. Clabough acts

There will be many. My jury will be composed of hundreds, though I have never feared that my entry will be refused.

"A raptor has an intensely wild and free spirit," the MRP website declares. "To come to the aid of one of these birds is to give expression to a similar spirit within us. The reha-



ten operate independently and fund their own practices. This includes expenses like veterinary care, medicine, food and housing. Not only must one open his or her home to wildlife they must also go one step further and open their hearts, as well. Nobody says "Thank you." Nobody gets paid.

"I have always loved working with animals, which to me is the most important part of rehabbing," said Jeremy Richardson, a rehabber who lives near Kalona.

"Because self-satisfaction is quite often the only compensation for two-hour feedings, cage cleaning and all the other unmentionable attributes of wild babies."

When a rehabber receives an animal, it is examined, diagnosed and treated appropriately according to its ailment through a program of veterinary care, feeding, medicating, physical therapy, exercise and pre-release conditioning. Occasionally, some animals do not progress to the point of release, and these animals must be humanely euthanized.

Rehabbers are few and far between, though a few organizations and independent rehabbers exist nearby and are composed of people who are concerned about the well-being of wild creatures. Cynthia Clabough runs the

both locally, by operating a small wildlife care facility out of her home near Waubeek, and globally, recently having spent two weeks in Mexico rehabilitating sea turtles.

People like Calbough do this to give something back to the world to which we all belong. Clabough believes that rehabilitation has made her see the bigger picture regarding environmental impact of humans versus the question of whether or not we are really making a difference toward preserving life on earth. "Why?" she said. "Because it is one planet."

The juvenile red-tailed hawk I mentioned previously was stubborn and would not fly for me that day in the flight cage. I stood over him, clapping my hands and telling him to "Go! Fly! Come on!" All he did was lean onto his back and try to grab me with his talons, so I had to catch him and launch him from my hands. The first time he actually flew the length of the flight cage without having to be launched made me so happy—I felt like he understood what I wanted him to do. It was exhilarating. I imagined it was how a mother feels when her child rides a bike for the first time by himself.

Sometimes I think of that American Indian legend about the bridge to heaven, and the animals that will be waiting for me when I arrive.

The Gift of Flight

The majority of MRP's funding is provided through donations. Gifts from individuals, schools and other organizations go towards the rehabilitation of a hawk, falcon, vulture, owl or eagle.

The money goes a long way towards the rejuvenation of an injured bird. And, like any sponsorship program, you're repaid with a framed photo of your adopted friend.

For information about an adoption call MRP at (319) 398-5495.

bilitation work is symbolic of a deep concern for things wild and free. It is recognizing and taking responsibility for a small portion of the impact that we as humans have on the wildlife around us."

In other words, while we may not be responsible for the injuries and suffering inflicted upon a raptor, we can be the reason it is able to fly again. **lv**

Dawn Frary is an animal lover and freelance photographer living in Iowa City.



The state of Iowa still struggles to prove itself as a cultural oasis, attractive to those looking for a well-rounded place to plant new roots. Iowa City is some kind of exception to this, but still lacks the entertainment options of a big city—even if it has that big city “feel” to new residents experiencing their honeymoon period with the town. To celebrate our happy access to two area film festivals this month, here’s a look into the presence of film in Iowa from four different angles.

Landlocked in a Hard Acre

Both the Landlocked Film Festival and the Hardacre Film and Cinema Festival are all about independent, underground films, and attract entries from the United States and beyond. Hardacre is in its 11th year

of operation and touts cinema as art and filmmakers as artists, which isn’t necessarily untrue of major Hollywood films, though directors who haven’t proved themselves yet must cater to studio wishes before producing their own vision.

Hardacre is August 1–2 at the Hardacre Theater in downtown Tipton and costs \$15 for the entire festival, \$6 per program. For more information, visit www.tiptoniowa.us/hardacre.

By Hardacre’s experience level, Landlocked is just a baby, being only in its second year of existence. But two-year-olds seem to grow fast. Just in its second year, Landlocked got tucked under the wing of the Summer of the Arts fundraising ventures and have a structure of support behind it. Landlocked co-director Mary Blackwood said that one of the exciting things about the festival is facilitating the

interaction between dozens of filmmakers and the curious public. A welcoming audience in the Midwest is better than a non-existent audience on either cost. And the festival’s mere existence in this town allows area economic development officials to continue to tout this place as a cultural mecca.

Landlocked is from August 21–24 at various locations in downtown Iowa City, and the events are all free. For a schedule of events, visit www.landlockedfilmfestival.com.

Produce this!

For those whose only source of news is Reddit or Digg and who haven’t heard yet, Iowa Governor Chet Culver signed the Iowa Film Promotion Act in early 2007. The Travel Iowa website of the Iowa Department of Economic Development is marketing the incentives as “half-price filmmaking,” using a somewhat confusing math to come up with that half-off price. From the website:

“For example, if a project has \$1,000,000 of qualified spending, then the investor pool earns \$250,000 in transferable Iowa income tax credit certificates plus the producer or production company earns \$250,000 in transferable Iowa income tax credit certificates. These credits can be sold to any Iowa taxpayer for market prices.”

The easy-to-figure-out math is “tax-free income”—for Iowa-based or incorporated-in-Iowa vendors, that is. This incentive targets potential Iowan sources of labor in hopes of creating a strong labor base specialized in the filmmaking support capacity. The labor needed however, is for those low-level jobs



Missed “Charlie Rose” at the festival? Find a link to the film online at www.LittleVillageMag.com

One short being shown at Hardacre this year will please any Charlie Rose or Samuel Beckett fan—“Charlie Rose” by Samuel Beckett. This film takes a single episode of the seasoned journalist (and masterful conversationalist) and pits Charlie against Charlie, Rose against Rose, in a dual of Internet knowledge. The question on every Internet watchers’ minds is, Which Charlie will get PWNED? Face it: it’s fabulous.

that rarely allow for creative output. Brute force or organizational skills would land a prospective laborer a job in the budding Iowa film industry. While this doesn't assure creative minds with talented production skills a dream ticket to a fulfilling career on their home turf, it does inspire the hope that maybe someday—if they meet the right person and say the right thing—they might have a chance that didn't exist before the film incentives.

But at this point, Iowa just has to settle for the stimulated economy in those camera-ready communities born lucky. All a producer-director team has to do after attracted by the incentives is visit, look at the place, eat at a local hoe-bunk-to-them diner, and whisper prophetically, "This is the place."

Location, location, location!

Those of us living the car-less life near downtown Iowa City pre-2007 are still bemoaning the loss of Campus 3 Theaters, which was in the Old Capitol Mall right next-door to The University of Iowa campus. As the Coral Ridge Mall with its giganta-plex opened in 1998, Campus 3 was freed up to show more mainstream art house films (an oxymoron, I know), and foreign films like *Amelie* could be shown to an audience seeking non-blockbusters.

Sure, more screens opened up at Sycamore Mall, making it Marcus Sycamore 12 and filling the void of the absent screens, but those looking for entertainment outside of the bar scene had one less option to pick. Shopping still seems to thrive downtown, but straight-edge residents looking for fun do not add up to the critical mass necessary for an entertainment establishment to survive

without alcohol. Rumors are rustling around about a group trying to bring the big screen back to an indoor theater year-round, but word is that the big dogs ight need to throw down and C-O-M-M-I-T-T. (The extra "T" is to show they mean it.)

For all those wondering what the Bijou Theater is up to after the floodwaters subsided, rest assured that they are up to about two blocks closer to downtown. It's an option many of us in the area demand on keeping open—even if it isn't set up to play the same role Campus 3 played—and now, it's showing films in Lecture Room 2 in Van Allen Hall. Intelligent films for an intelligent audience in an intelligent room. For providing a stable back up for these hard-to-find films, I'd like to say thanks, Mr. Space Scientist!

The McLeod/Busse IMAX in Cedar Rapids closed last year, taking another precious option away from those in the area accepting life here instead of a big city. Chicago's IMAX showings of *The Dark Knight* were booked pretty solidly throughout the first week, and it's certain that people here would have flocked to a Cedar Rapids IMAX showing of the movie, too. When it was still around (it ceased to exist due to too many financial burdens and leadership turnover), NASCAR, *Harry Potter*, and nature flicks dominated its screen—it was a science and technology center, after all.

People got to see part of *The Matrix* trilogy in IMAX, sure, but it all ended too quickly, having lived only seven years after its opening. Will all major art and entertainment endeavors in the area have that kind of tenuous existence?

Minor art and entertainment options in this area have to be sought out. Sometimes one can trek down to the Samuel Becker

Communication Sciences Building and look for screening announcements from teaching assistants in the UI's Department of Cinema and Comparative Literature, but that's a happy gamble. And, there's always that 3-hour drive to Chicago to find those shows needing the critical mass to support them.

Sex and the Gotham City

And if there's one thing that Iowans love, if it's any indication by consecutive, sold-out movie showtimes, it's well-promoted, much-hyped summer blockbusters. Lines of eager women were anxiously waiting for the icing on the cake of their favorite television fantasy, *Sex and the City*. And gaggles of people left the show mouthing "I loved it" into their cell

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Gaggles of people left the show
mouthing "I loved it" into their cell
phones and bitching about other
theatergoers' sense of fashion.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

phones, feeling that sisterly bond with their SATC dates, and bitching about other theatergoers' sense of fashion.

But that movie still had available tickets after 3 p.m. for opening night showtimes. *The Dark Knight*, however, as rumor has it, had theaters wiped clean of tickets before morning turned into afternoon, with theaters adding early morning showings (like, 3 a.m.) to accommodate those thirsty for the cinematic experience of the decade.

Some of us here actually thought we could stop by the local theater after work and still get tickets for opening night; others made plans to run off to Des Moines or Chicago for the heart-racing 18-wheeler-rollover, blow-your-mind eyes-widener of seeing the film in an IMAX theater. Few of us bumble-fucks could live in this state without having that taste of cinema desire in our mouths as this film hit the theaters. Thanks, Internet, for helping us Iowans feel like we're a part of the pop-culture masses. **lv**

Melody Dworak has seen many people shake their heads in sympathy once she confesses she's lived in Iowa City for eight years and is neither a professor nor on her way to becoming one. One day, she hopes to break free from Iowa City's siren song.

YEAR FILM / LOCATION

2006 *The Final Season*
Cedar Rapids

2006 *The Hideout*
Davenport

2007 *Sugar* Davenport

2007 *Duck Farm No. 13*
McGregor

2008 *South Dakota*
Earlham

2008 *Peacock*
Greenfield

Source: Iowa Film Office

Filmed in Iowa

After a brief drought, a number of "Hollywood" films have been made in Iowa in the last few years.



Written and directed by Anna Bowen and Ryan Fleck (Half Nelson), *Sugar*, about a Dominican baseball player, was the first film to receive funds from the Iowa Film incentives program. It premiered at the Sundance Film Festival in January 2008.

Film Festival Preview

Opening night at Hardacre features *Fix* starring Olivia Wilde and Shawn Andrews.



BEYOND the MULTIPLEX

If when you hear about a film festival in Iowa you think, "That's all well and good; but I don't really feel up for seeing some low-level movies that didn't make the cut elsewhere," then let me disabuse you. The Hardacre Film and Cinema Festival (August 1-2 in Tipton) and the Landlocked Film Festival (August 21-24 in Iowa City) are both places where you can get in touch with the real excitement of the movies. If you go to either, you'll find yourself in an old, beautiful theater, watching movies truly in the dark, not knowing what's going to happen, but surprised, delighted, and moved by what does. When I go to a summer blockbuster, I know exactly what I'm getting into; the only question is: will it be a disappointment? At Hardacre or Landlocked, the movies—narrative features, documentaries, shorts, animation, and experimental movies—aren't made to order: they still have the sense of adventure that movie-lovers treasure. Hardacre is the more discriminating of the two festivals: you can't go wrong. Landlocked, though, is the broader: you have the chance to dip in here and there and make your own discoveries. In both festivals your odds are good of running into a director or a star. You'll leave proud to be an Iowan.

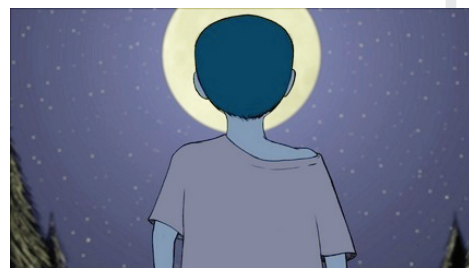
Here is a partial guide to some of those treasures.

In the golden days of cinema, there were shorts, often animated, between the features. There are still golden days in Iowa. Both festivals break up their longer movies with lots of shorts, any one of which usually delivers as much emotion as whatever \$8.50 buys you at the Coral Ridge 10.

Moonboy

Hardacre: Friday, August 1, 6:20

Adam Calfee's *Moonboy* is an animated short about a kid, a kind of everyman, who, as his apathetic mother smokes in the dirty kitchen, flips endlessly through the channels, which show an endless catalogue of things to be depressed and then apathetic about. My favorite example is a man falling to his death off a skyscraper as the announcer intones, "Weed is worse for you than you thought." The boy fills with whatever is destroying his mom until he finally chucks his glass of milk at the screen and runs out into a gorgeous blue and gold night of countless stars. He runs to the edge of the cliff and stares at the big moon, which promises something other than the sickening greens of the tube. What happens next is magical in its way, but just might leave you wondering about the veil of beauty we lay over our horrors.



Moonboy

The Loneliest Place on Earth

Hardacre: Friday, August 1, 8:40pm

In Cody Stokes's *The Loneliest Place on Earth*, which has the elegance and mystery of a parable, a man is stabbed in a St. Louis alley. He doesn't want to go to the hospital for fear of the law and is abandoned by friend and enemy alike. That all happens in two minutes; the rest of the movie, as long as it takes to play Mahalia Jackson's medley of "Summertime" and "Sometimes I Fell Like a Motherless Child" (one of the glories of recorded music), is devoted to the quiet magic of a cab driver who unwittingly takes the dying man on a final tour of the city lit up for the night as if all for him to see.

Scott Samuelson

Fix

Hardacre: Friday, August 1, 9pm

It's a pleasure to stand on a cliff, a Roman poet once observed, and watch a ship wreck. Leo, the central character in Tao Ruspoli's *Fix*, a heroin addict who by law must either go to rehab or jail, says that his life is like the car wreck you slow down to savor. His brother, who is delaying making a documentary with his girlfriend to get Leo to rehab, is constantly shooting everyone with his video camera. He's trying to stand on the cliff and not get involved with the wreck...but it is his brother. His girlfriend Bella starts out irritated that she has to interrupt her documentary on the social problems of L.A. to help her boyfriend's drug-addicted brother but, like anyone who watches the movie, she quickly becomes mesmerized by Leo, played brilliantly by Shawn Andrews.

There are ironies in the predicament: Leo is addicted to shooting heroin, his brother can't stop shooting film; the main strategy for keeping Leo out of jail and raising the funds necessary to get him into rehabilitation is to sell drugs; Bella is making a movie about the "systemic" problems behind drug addiction, and she flourishes in the end as a pot dealer. But these ironies are so painful and obvious nobody really frets over them: they're the water the characters swim in.

The jumpy editing, I suppose, is a symptom of the ironies; nothing can be lingered on too long—the documentary is always being postponed for what immediately presents itself. But the soul of the movie—and it's good to see a movie with a soul—is the moments that occasionally flicker before us and light the whole thing up: like the couple heartbreaking shots of the characters letting loose on the beach, set to a nocturne of Chopin.

One of the crucial modes of filmmaking, which has now fallen completely to independent filmmakers, is to think into things with images—not necessarily to be the product of having grappled with reality (like a good play) but to be the very process of grappling with reality. *Fix* takes up that task. It's the kind of breathless, urgent filmmaking that's exciting and pleasurable: even its flaws feel necessary to the whole. It's plenty cool in its subject and camerawork, but it offers something more to those who look.

Scott Samuelson

Alicja Wonderland

Landlocked: Thursday, August 21, 8:35pm

Alicja Wonderland is a surreal Polish exploration of human emotions. Those emotions are a bit hard to discern, however, as the mostly linear plot is interrupted several times by Alicja, a woman who is both reading the story unfolding in a different space and an active character in it. The short film opens simply enough, a young couple in love arriving at a forest retreat. "We're lost in the woods!" the girlfriend happily declares against a gritty, saturated atmosphere. The claustrophobic feeling of this juxtaposition follows the film as



the main character, Patryk, actually does become lost in the woods. Darker and deeper into an experience he never expected, the film takes viewers into an uncomfortable reality. The only entity who seems free in this closed world is Alicja, angel or fiend unknown, who chooses to leave the book she reads and join the strange scenario unfolding in the desolate woods. She appears strangely and suddenly, with a mere wink to the audience. She seduces the audience while at the same time alienating it, acting more and more eccentrically as Patryk realizes that though there may be escape from physical capture, it is much harder to escape the constraints he has given himself.

The 20-minute film is shot from two interesting viewpoints, that of the third-person spectator and the first-person perspective of Patryk, switching subtly into this unsettling view to get a better glimpse of Alicja in her element. The girlfriend who cheerfully jokes about being "lost" while on vacation disappears entirely—neither shown to us from a distance or through another's eyes.

The film is markedly beautiful, but as I mentioned, enigmatic. Patryk is, in a sense, torn between two women, though any motivations are unknown for his indecisiveness. Is the exploration in the film one of love? Is it betrayal, loneliness, madness or the strange mixture of all of these which create the elaborate relationships we form? The film ends abruptly and with more questions than answers, though the fiercely constant force of Agnieszka Pekala as Alicja in this supposed wonderland seems to quell any remaining doubts of the power and intensity behind this ambitious film.

Sarah Abele

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Illegal Use of Joe Zopp

Landlocked: Saturday, August 23, 9:30pm

Filmmakers constrained by a cheaper-than-dirt budget often turn to horror or shoot-em-up action for their first movie foray. In these dark and gritty cinemasces, the limits of DIY filmmaking can actually enhance a film instead of hinder it. Much more ambitious is to plan a comedy, where the contrast with Hollywood's bright colors and big-budgets become apparent. *The Illegal Use of Joe Zopp*—from Chippewa Falls, WI based Wut Wut Alma films—takes this challenge head on.

Given the financial hurdles of a month-long shoot for less than the price of a used car, the film holds up remarkably well. The sets are detailed, the screenwriting clever and a few well-delivered performances remind filmgoers of a lower rent *There's Something About Mary* (yes, that is possible). Save for a few underlit nighttime scenes, you'd be forgiven for thinking this was a six-figure film.

In the end, however, a movie is only as good as its storytellers, and *Joe Zopp's* writers find enough wild antics and witty dialogue to entertain. The title character is a hometown outcast—a Homer Simpsonsque bonk to the noggin has given him



Corey Walton and Nick Holle in *Illegal Use of Joe Zopp*.

uncommon intelligence for this sleepy Wisconsin village. Eventually, Zopp grows tired of trying to make it in this simple town. Riding the rails, he heads for Ohio, setting in motion the movie's unlikely series of misadventures. The screwball plot is goofy and wise but at times completely nonsensical, though even if you get lost it's easy enough to enjoy the pure absurdity of it all.

Low-budget indies are getting easier to make, for sure, but as access reaches the masses it becomes harder to find the gems in the rough. *Joe Zopp* may not be the Hope diamond, but it's cubic zirconia for sure—and proud of it.

Andrew Sherburne

Kings

Hardacre: Saturday, August 2, 7:00pm

Judging from the subtitles in *Kings*, words which do not translate very easily into 21st century Gaelic include: 'fuck', 'global economy', 'Euro', 'foreman', and 'lads.' This makes a tragic sort of sense for the characters in Tom Collins' movie, as these are some of the things that seem most to complicate the lives and generally reduce the happiness of the Irish emigrants he depicts. *Kings* is the film adaptation of the Jimmy Murphy play, *Kings of the Kilburn High Road*, a reference to a once Irish-dominated neighborhood in NW London which is, in more recent years, increasingly populated by non-European immigrants to Britain. The story is organized around the death of Jackie Flaherty, who is a fellow immigrant and close

mate of the film's central characters. Jackie has just been killed by a subway train, in circumstances which may or may not have been accidental, and the movie uses his death as the central point around which to organize reflections by his surviving friends on their past together and their current lives in London. These stories, individual and collective, are told through flashbacks to the lads' younger days and their arrival in London, and about a third

of the film is set at Jackie's wake, held in the back room of a pub on the Kilburn High Road.

Many of the traditional themes of immigrant narratives are on display: what does home mean? is it based on culture or kinship? are you still Irish after 25 years away from Ireland? is leaving home for economic opportunity a form of betrayal? what obligations does one immigrant have to others? Collins, though, deals with these questions in new and interesting ways, not the least of which is the language itself. The vast majority of the spoken dialogue is in Irish and *Kings* claims to be the first bilingual feature release in both Irish and English.

At the risk of giving away spoilers, drinking predominates in this film of working class

Irish life. One of the film's better lines is Jap's response to a query about whether he would like a drink ("do I have a mouth?"), but somehow for a film set largely in bars, drink as a theme still has to work pretty hard for airtime amongst the others stuff that Collins has to tell us. The acting, almost without exception,



Colm Meaney stars in *Kings*.

is quite sharp and features Donal O'Kelley's award-nominated performance as Jap, the bitter and combative drunk whose fading hope and romanticism about returning to Ireland is one of the film's best tricks. We get to see, for the cast as a whole, the various points at which 'the fire goes out' and each man resigns himself to his current circumstances and lets go the false dream of a return to a prouder, happier life in an Ireland that no longer exists.

Kings is not a low-budget picture by any measure. Production values are high (two caterers and a dialogue coach can be spotted in the closing credits) and it is clear from the financial involvement of the Irish Film Board that there is concern for presenting this film properly to a foreign audience. *Kings* was in fact Ireland's entry to the best foreign film category at last year's Oscars. Much of the film is shot in close ups of the dialogue, in which we get to see every creased face, smudged collar, yellowed tooth, greasy necktie, and grayed hair, all of which carry home the struggle and hardship of 25 years of immigrant life in the contemporary UK. Collins juxtaposes this focus with a larger background of unremitting grey-dingy neighborhoods and washed out buildings against a heavy, gray London sky. The bright spots, indeed, are pretty tough to find. Struggles with finding work, struggles with married life, struggles with drink, and most importantly internal struggles about what it means to be a 'Paddy' come to the surface quickly and powerfully in this solid film.

Warren Sprouse

Pond Hockey

Landlocked: Saturday, August 23, 3:00pm

[Full disclosure: publisher Andrew Sherburne is a producer on *Pond Hockey*]

Pond Hockey is a documentary no hockey fan should miss. But it would be a shame if only hockey fans were to see it, because, like all good sports movies, it's about the forces that nurture and threaten what truly brings us joy. The movie—directed by Tommy Haines, a Minnesotan currently living in Iowa City—follows a few teams in the first U.S. Pond Hockey tournament in which



former NHL players compete alongside aging rinkrats for the Golden Shovel.

Interwoven with the drama of the tournament are interviews with various hockey luminaries about the origins of hockey and the current state of the game, which like most sports has become mercifully serious. Anyone who has seen young kids being drilled on how to run a play will be able to appreciate one of the movie's hockey stars when

he growls, "The kid's six years old! Who gives a shit what he does?" But it's not a case of freedom uncritically preferred over discipline. The point is that discipline is meaningless without all the knowledge absorbed from the endless hours of doing what one loves. It's also meaningless if it doesn't bring us back to what we love.

At times, the movie flirts with the idea that we've created a safe, structured, semi-competent world for ourselves at the cost of joy. But it also shows all the ways that individuals and communities resist the soft dehumanization of our lives. What

is the recipe for real joy? In this case, it begins with ice thick enough to skate on, for it is dependent on nature; it requires spontaneity and freedom, the kind out of which all games are born; ideally, it is nurtured by a family or a community, though a lot of the nurturing simply involves dropping off the kids—or the husbands—to noodle around by themselves for hours.

Though it may produce athletes like Wayne Gretzky or

Neal Broten, both of whom are interviewed, its real end is in the joy itself. At one point, Broten, who was on the 1980 "Miracle on Ice" Olympic team and is now a US Hockey hall-of-famer with a Stanley Cup, talks wistfully of his days as a kid on the pond and then says, dead-serious, "Sometimes I wish I could just go back and be eight years old again."

Scott Samuelson

Eleven Years of Hardacre

Founded in 1996, the Hardacre Film and Cinema Festival is the oldest independent film festival in Iowa. The festival craze has birthed a dozen more Iowa film events since then (from Mason City to Des Moines), succeeding in bringing under-the-radar films to the corn-belt

"Most people didn't even really know what a film festival was back then," notes Troy Peters, festival founder and former director. "I had one guy come up to me and ask, 'You mean this is gonna kind of be like that *America's Funniest Home Videos*?'"

Peters, a Hollywood set dresser (*Seabiscuit*, *Fight Club*, *Bridges of Madison County*) and Tipton resident started the festival with a few local friends to bring the festival experience to the heartland.

The one-and-a-half day event screens roughly 30 short and feature-length films from the over 200 submitted. Most of the films are your true



indies, made for next to nothing except sweat and a few dozen DV tapes.

But, every year, Hardacre has made room for one top-drawer film. Past highlights include *Rabbit-Proof Fence* (a Golden Globe winner), *Genghis Blues* (Academy Award nominee) and *Riding Giants* (a Sundance opening night film).

Among other great films, this year's standout may be *Kings*, Ireland's submission for best foreign film at the 2007 Oscars.



This American Gothic

Hardacre: Saturday, August 2, 1:25pm;
Landlocked: Friday, August 22, 5:30pm

In the director's statement for *This American Gothic*—a documentary about Grant Wood's painting and the people of Eldon, Iowa, where the austere house with the lavish window still stands—Sasha Waters Freyer says that she wants to bring attention to "marginalized groups" like the "four earnest, church-going, rural women" that her movie paints a portrait of. I grew up in an Iowa town even smaller than Eldon (pop. 998), so I can vouch for the authenticity of the portrait. I don't think of the community-minded folk of the movie as marginal—they could have attended my wedding. But come to think of it, I don't see those people portrayed in our larger culture except in stereotyped ways.

This American Gothic, like its subjects, is quiet, steady, and reliable, but by the end, you realize that you've gotten quite a lot: lessons in art history, culture, community, and the American character. Grant Wood's paintings were, in their time, images of an Iowa being lost to modernization; in *American Gothic* he found an archetype of American life that was also as mysterious as Mona Lisa's smile. Whatever you think of America, you tend to think of *American Gothic*.

Waters Freyer's *This American Gothic* is about what is still standing in the small towns that are perennially dying and being resurrected in the heartland. My favorite thing about it is all the shots of Iowans just standing in front of things—like Grant Wood's dentist and sister in front of the Eldon house. The one that really haunts me is of a fireman in front of the smoldering remains of what once was a home.

Scott Samuelson



Leslie Hope's short doc *What I See When I Close My Eyes* takes us on a journey to modern Cambodia.

Monster Camp

Hardacre: Friday, August 1, 6:00pm

For all the types of two types of people in this world, this documentary highlights possibly the most psychologically fascinating. 1) Those who escape their lives by socially acceptable methods (alcohol, affairs and pornography, to name a few) and 2) those who create character lives in fringe communities to LARP—Live Action Role Play. While the film centers on delving deep into the realm of the latter, most viewers will have known the former more intimately, which makes the subject perfect for a dynamically investigated shock doc.

Directed by Cullen Hoback, the film takes the viewer into two major events in the NERO Seattle universe. NERO is the live adventures company, according to its website nerolarp.com, and the setting for the subjects' characters in the film is a most appropriate Washington state park, where the players can imagine they are fighting right in the thick of Elwynn Forest. The references to and borrowed tactics from World of Warcraft (WoW) allow Massively Multiplayer Online (MMO) gamers to feel in on the LARPing shibboleths, while giving them a safe distance from the handmade Halloweenish attire.

Just like some people prefer to play basketball rather than watching it from the stands, LARPers



Monster Camp takes us into the world of live action Dungeons & Dragons.

don the costumes and make-up to overcome the boredom of the sedentary, Doritos and Dew, all-night Dungeons & Dragons game session. This is just one rationalization of many that LARPers choose to escape reality via this vehicle. With subtlety and sensitivity, the film shows outsiders finding friends, communities, and victories all humans need.

It would have been great to see more about how players take their characters too far in pursuit of a fucking cloudsong; merely gracing over when-fantasy-goes-too-far can leave the audience wondering. But it's possible Hoback had to choose which depths to chase, and there's plenty of psychological drama to keep the viewer enticed.

Some people reinvent themselves by moving to another city and telling different stories about themselves, and others partake in fantasy by putting "HRDROKR" vanity plates on a Toyota Corolla. This film wonderfully shows both reinvention and fantasy albeit a little more overtly—donning hoop-ringed hog snouts and tossing birdseed-filled spell casting packets. But just as wildflowers bloom from fallen and buried birdseed, the filmmaker successfully provides evidence of life planted at these NERO weekends. Beginners "die" less easily, losers finally win a fight or two in the fantasy, and the lonely leave the camp with a few more friends in the real world.

Melody Dworak

What I See When I Close My Eyes

Landlocked: Saturday, August 23, 12:30pm as part of the kid-friendly program.

The Khmer Rouge just cannot catch a break. Every director since Roland Joffe has wanted to portray them as the Asian equivalent of the Third Reich, despite the fact that decades of political corruption and internecine power struggles since the war probably have as much to do with the poverty level in modern Cambodia as Pol Pot's tyranny did. Blaming aside, though, the overcrowded and under-resourced streets of today's Phnom Penh are not a place one would want to live; yet some 20,000 homeless and parentless children do. Leslie Hope's film, *What I See When I Close My Eyes*, documents the lives of some of these children through their contact with the Friends International project, which runs an art school for displaced youth.

This short film is told almost exclusively through the voices of the children involved as well as through the artwork they create, most notably life-size self portraits that are essentially composite images of their life experiences. Though the film's short running time and the limited information we are given about any of the individual kids hinders our ability to identify with any one of them very much, Hope does a nice job in showing the development of their individuals art projects and the way they work as sort of miniature autobiographies. The self-portraits read like hieroglyphs of each child's difficult past, with symbols or representations of specific events and people that have shaped the tumultuous, and sometimes horrifying, lives of these young Cambodians.

Audiences, especially American ones, may be somewhat uncomfortable with the cheer-leading that some of the students seem to do, since several segments of the film come off pretty much like a commercial for Friends International (there is an especially painful scene in which several young boys are asked to list off all the sweet stuff they have learned from their time in the Friends program, with the organization logo prominently displayed on the building behind them). The world of the Iraq occupation perhaps makes us more cynical than we should be about the nature and politics of aid agencies and NGOs. Are their product placements and advertising any better or worse than those of Coke or Nike? These are not questions that Leslie Hope's film cares much about, and they may not be ones the kids in it care much about either. These young Cambodian artists would probably tell us to quit wringing our hands and just look at their pictures.

Warren Sprouse



greetings from

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Summer's Last Hurrahs

Paul's stream-of-conscious recommendations on reads for the last month of a good reading season.

What are you selling? What's everybody asking for these days? Who's hot? That's what they ask me these days at the bookstore. I'll tell you one thing we don't have to work very hard to sell is the new collection of hysterical David Sedaris essays, *When You Are Engulfed in Flames*. His many fans, who never miss a book, seem to be on email lists which inform them the minute a new book hits the street. They just come in and buy their books, sometimes so quietly we hardly know they've gone.

What else? Workshop teacher, Ethan Canin's long-awaited new novel, *America, America*, his largest and most ambitious yet, is flying off the shelves. It's a politically themed novel going back to 1972, and in this election year it should continue to be hot. Another new novel that is making literary noise is David Wroblewski's first novel, *The Story of Edgar Sawtelle*.

This gorgeously written, nearly 800-page book is set in rural Wisconsin among a family of dog-breeders who have their own breed. The most interesting character is a young boy who cannot speak but has a preternatural ability to communicate with dogs. The plot is Hamlet: the son, the dead father, the uncle—but it never feels like you're reading a Renaissance English play. You need to slow down and let Wroblewski's prose guide you. This is also not a "dog book" à la *Marley and Me*, full of "man's best friend" clichés. I believe this novel will be read for a long time

and will be enjoyed by dog lover and curmudgeon alike.

Vietnamese American Workshop graduate, Nam Le, has a collection of stories, *The Boat*, that has received extraordinary reviews from reviewers disinclined to go over the top in their

new book, *The Enchantress of Florence*, is a thrillingly written Sheherazadish novel set in the Renaissance in Florence and the mythical Mughal Empire. "In the day's last light the glowing lake below the palace-city looked like a sea of molten gold." How can you pass up a first sentence like that? *The Enchantress of Florence* is for those who like Umberto Eco and Roberto Bolano and who love the magic of the finest prose in the world.

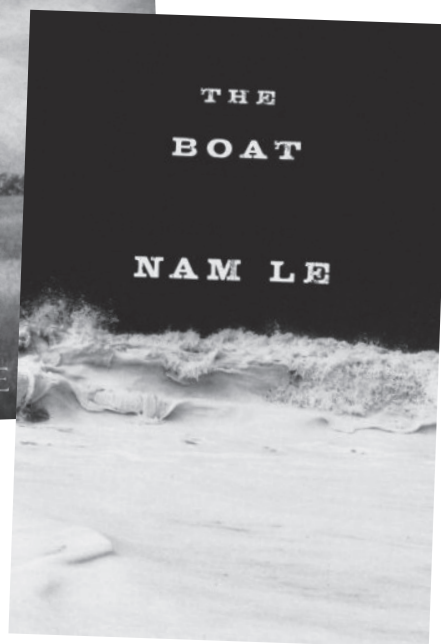
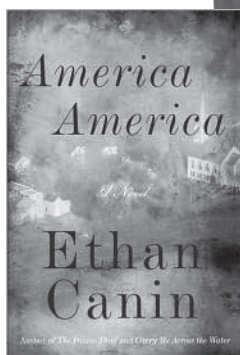
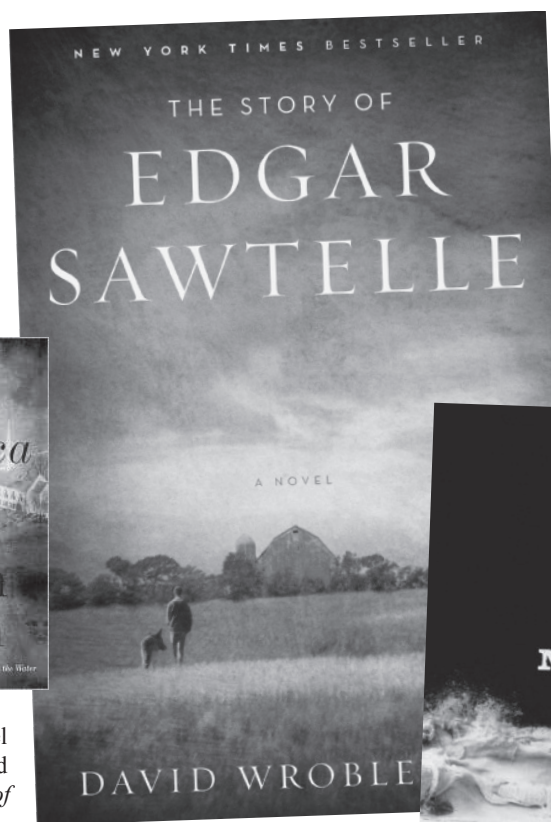
Jim Krusoe is an absolute lunatic whose second novel, *Girl Factory*, is one of those hysterical slacker novels that have been popping up these last few years. Main character Jonathan, working at 39 in a strip mall yogurt joint, discovers that his mysterious, possibly dangerous boss has discovered the technology necessary to turn frozen yogurt into live women. It's a marvelously funny satire on sexual warfare and the male

objectification of the human female. It's a paperback that will bounce you out of your bed with laughter.

And this fall watch for Toni Morrison's new novel, *Mercy*, due in November, and Marilynne Robinson's *Home*, a novel set once again in the town of Gilead, Iowa. I've read the Robinson, and it's a masterpiece. **IV**

Paul Ingram is a short man who

lives in Iowa City. He has an overbite caused by his mother's fear of orthodontia. She has since died, leaving him with no chance to confront her about the effect this has had on his life. Most people see him as an introspective low-testosterone male, who has been known to make them laugh. All the rest is books.



appreciation of new fiction. These remarkable stories are set all over the world; one in the Pacific Ocean, another in an Iowa City workshop class. He is reluctant to exploit his ethnic background, and is unlikely to be pigeonholed as "one of our new Asian American writers."

Remember the great Fatwa? Salman Rushdie held prisoner by the global radical wing of Islam for his disrespect of Allah? Rushdie has remained one of the world's greatest fabulists and has published several extraordinary novels and is still very much alive. His

THE SIT-DOWN with

Dan Bern

Iowa-born singer-songwriter Dan Bern recently returned to Iowa to visit his mother and ended up sticking around to lend his talents to flood-relief benefits in Iowa City and Cedar Rapids. *Little Village* caught up with Bern to talk about place.

Little Village: How would you describe your experience growing up in Mount Vernon, Iowa?

Dan Bern: Well, looking back, there was a lot of time and space to kind of hack around and try lots of things. Not a lot of pressure to find one track and follow it. Mount Vernon is a small town and the school was small. You were pretty free to do a lot of things and begin finding out who you are.

LV: Did anything specific to Iowa influence your musical interests and taste?

DB: I guess probably KUNI. In the afternoons they'd play stuff that wasn't country or hit radio, anything from Woody Guthrie to Greg Brown. So that opened up some horizons.

LV: When did you leave Iowa, and was your decision to move away made in order to pursue music?

DB: Well, I left after high school, went up to Wisconsin for college and after that I went to Chicago, started playing on the streets, open mikes every night, etc. So I guess so.

LV: Do you think living elsewhere has somehow helped you know Iowa better?

DB: In some ways; don't you always have to go away to get some different perspective on a place? On the other hand, I don't really feel I know Iowa terribly well. I know Mount Vernon and Cedar Rapids, and Iowa City a little bit, but not a whole lot else. I went to tennis camp in Decorah, and I got my first speeding ticket in Ottumwa. But I don't think I could tell you where Muscatine is.

LV: What other places have you called home, and could you talk a little about each place?

DB: I lived in Chicago for about five years, then I headed to Los Angeles, where I lived

a couple different times for quite a few years. I've lived longer in L.A. than anyplace else and am gonna do another stint pretty soon. Then I lived mostly on the road for some years, and a year or so in New York. And for the past six years I've lived in a small town in New Mexico, which has felt a lot like Mount Vernon in many ways. Lots of time and space. Chicago and L.A. were, for me, about seeing and hearing lots of different things, meeting creative people, writing lots of songs and trying to make a living.

LV: You've lived in New Mexico for about six years now. Why the move to the southwest, and how has it influenced your life and art?

DB: Well, it's been a great place. Great weather and people, healing hot springs... you gotta go to the desert at some point in your life, right? Great place to paint, write, get healthy.

LV: Would you consider yourself an "Iowa" singer-songwriter or a musician of any other place? What do you think such a label means, if anything?

DB: Well...how about "Iowa-born"? That's one thing that'll never change, where you were born. I imagine being from Iowa gives you a certain sense of some things... maybe it's not rushing around all the time, taking a moment

to sit on a curb in the sun. No matter where I go, I know where I'm from. I'm glad I'm from where I am.

LV: Does returning to Iowa feel like coming home, and do you notice any changes (for better or worse) in the state?

DB: It does feel like home, in ways that surprise me. The way the grass feels when you're barefoot. Lately I've spent the most time here in the summer, but the fall was always my favorite time in the Midwest, so maybe I can come around for more of that, too. Doing this show "Moving Home" in Cedar Rapids, I've gotten to know a whole crop of really creative folks in a very short time, and it's been great. The flood is of course the biggest change, and it'll be interesting (and obviously a challenge) to see what changes are wrought over the next few years.

LV: Having lived in several different places, and with countless miles of touring behind you, do you feel settled?

DB: Naw! Not at all. But I guess that's just me. **lv**

Andy Brodie is an editor for Little Village.



Photo by Dennis Kleiman

Photos by Kembrew McLeod

PITCH PERFECT

The Pitchfork Music Festival, now into its third year, is the best event of its kind happening in America right now. In fact, it is kind of a disservice to call Pitchfork a “music festival”—given the bad connotations associated with the term (drunken idiots, mud and garbage baking in the hot summer sun, ughh). However, Pitchfork is different, due to its laid-back atmosphere, good-but-inexpensive food and drink, rock-poster vendors, craft tents, record booths and the less-than-crowded (but nevertheless sold-out) concert grounds. Oh yeah, and the music. Unless you’re a total music fiend, you likely haven’t heard of half the bands, but the organizers make it quite easy to take in new music. Intimate, but expansive.

Held on July 17-20 at Chicago’s Union Park, tucked away in a low-key neighborhood, this year’s event resembled the 2007 festival in many ways. Friday night featured three artists each playing one of their classic albums in full—including post-punk icons Mission of Burma doing 1982’s *Vs.*, sad-sack indie rockers Sebadoh performing 1993’s *Bubble and Scrape*, and the mighty Public Enemy, who

did a blistering take on *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*, a game-changing album that turned 20 this year. Augmented by bass, guitar, drums and turntables, frontman Chuck D and loose cannon Flavor Flav rocked the crowd with air raid sirens, walloping drums, and revolutionary rhymes.

Over the next two days, roughly 30 acts performed on three stages staggered throughout the park, ensuring that a millisecond didn’t lapse without music soaking the air. Up-and-comers Fleet Foxes massaged the crowd with layered harmonies, British rapper Dizzie Rascal killed it—especially on “Fix Up, Look Sharp,” which samples Billy Squire’s “Big Beat”—and Animal Collective disoriented the audience with its percussive song poems and psychedelic stage show.

On Sunday, The Apples in Stereo coated the audience with this band’s brand of sweet bubble-pop (catchy melodies, harmonies and all), The Dirty Projectors bent minds with their eccentric girl-boy vocals, and The Hold



Clockwise from top left: Hold Steady frontman Craig Finn soaks it in with the crowd; Public Enemy’s Flava Flav rips into the mic; John Hill (guitar) and Bill Doss (keyboards) of The Apples in Stereo; Les Savy Fav lead singer Tim Harrington gets down and dirty.

Steady delivered a Springsteen-worthy crowd-pleasing set.

However, Brooklyn rockers Le Savy Fav owned the crowd with an over-the-top spazz-out by half-naked, pot bellied lead singer Tim Harrington—who spent quite a bit of the set in the crowd, rolling around in the mud. Tight, powerful, and loud-as-hell, Le Savy Fav converted this non-believer.

Long live rock, and long live Pitchfork. **lv**

Kembrew McLeod loves breakdancing, Tootsie Rolls, aluminum foil and his wife Lynne Nugent, who took many of these photos. When school is in session, he tries to drop knowledge on his students’ asses, but he looks forward to the time when school’s out forever.

Summer Shows

After the Independence Day success of the 80-35 Music Festival in Des Moines and the Jazz Festival here, it's Cedar Rapids's turn to get into the summer festival mix with its second annual New Bohemia Music Festival. This year they were planning for major expansion and a more youthful sound, but the floodwaters washed away some of the organizers' plans. This actually works out better for the car-less and generally lazy in Iowa City: now the festival will come to you with a satellite pre-party, co-presented by Mission Creek, at the Industry on August 29. [Full disclosure: I worked in a small capacity on booking this show.] The lineup is massive, featuring: Birth Rites, Wayne Western, Baby Teeth, the Poison Control Center, and Lwa. Headlining the night will be Los Angeles's noise-rockers HEALTH, whose all-capital-letter self-titled debut has 11 songs in just under 29 minutes.

If that seems just too short, don't fret: the HEALTH team also had a remix album come out this year, *HEALTH DISCO*, and they'll be sticking around for Saturday night, August 30, to spin tracks from that and other records. Joining them will be Fairfield sensations Porno Galactica and The School of Flyentology. Other DJs will also be involved, and the whole sweaty mess goes down at the Picador. I'm not sure what you might have planned, but this is the back-to-school party of the fall semester.

During the day on the 30th is when the New Bohemia Music Festival proper goes down in the CR, and headlining this year are some



William Elliot Whitmore

names that should be familiar to some of you: perennial New Year's Eve rockers Murder By Death and local fella' William Elliot Whitmore. Whitmore, who is working on an album for Anti-records (home of Tom Waits, Neko Case and Nick Cave), should be in top form before a hometown crowd. Rounding out that bill will be some of Iowa's finest, including Shame Trane, the Diplomats of Solid Sound, Sarah Cram and the Derelicts, Matthew Grimm and the Red Smear, and the Puritanicals. It all starts at noon in Cedar Rapids.

Don't miss Toronto's Great Lake Swimmers at The Mill on the 19th because you're confusing them with Iowa City's own Great Lakes Music. The Music is good, don't get me wrong, but it's much less common to have a chance to see the Swimmers around these parts. They arguably had their most successful year in 2005, when they released their excellent self-titled album and rode the wave of Canadian musical success stories that was sweeping the continen-

tal U.S. at the time. But the Swimmers are still at it, touring behind 2007's underrated *Ongiara*, and warming up its live show by opening for the likes of Allison Krauss and Robert Plant (!). My guess is that the show will be superior, and perhaps a little eerie.

Natalie Portman's Shaved Head not only has an awesome name, but also has awesome beats and the retro-electro feel that has been responsible for bringing rock-and-rollers back to the dance floor. The name of its latest album is *Glistening Pleasure*, which I'm hoping also describes the upstairs of the Picador on the 15th. Fans of Hot Chip and Chromeo

should especially plan to attend.

On August 10, the Pokey LaFarge duo comes to The Mill with a bunch of acoustic instruments, doing a mix of bluegrass, old time and folk. This kind of show is really what the Mill does best, and Pokey will be touring in support of a new album that came out in the middle of July. As of this writing I haven't heard it, but I do know that this duo were formerly a part of the Hackensaw Boys, who once toured with Cake and were one of the best bluegrass bands I've ever seen. Banjo lovers young and old should be able to unite around this one.

By way of introduction, I'm writing this column in reverse chronological order this month. You know, just to mix it up. **lv**

Craig Eley is a music writer, promoter and American studies grad student, usually in that order. Got news on the music scene? Write to him at craig@missionfreak.com.

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ART / EXHIBITS

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
www.blackiowa.org

Closed due to flood; check website for updates

Amana Heritage Museum

4310 220th Trail, Amana, 319-622-3567
www.amanaheritage.org

The Community of True Inspiration: Pacifism and Patriotism, through December

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
www.akardesign.com

Ceramic work by Michael Kline & Jenny Mendes • New ceramic work by Sequoia Miller & Sam Taylor, opens August 29

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 319-362-7375
www.brucemore.org

Garden and Art Show, August 23, 9am-4pm

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
www.crma.org

Closed due to flood; check website for updates • Grant Wood Studio reopen, free admission through Labor Day

The Chait Galleries Downtown

218 E Washington St., Iowa City, 319-338, 4442
www.thegalleriesdowntown.com

Sara Slee Brown, digital imaging and prints, through September 12

The Douglas & Linda Paul Gallery

Englert Theater, 221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

www.englert.org

Janice S. Koerner Bell, The Nature of Things, through August 14

Fair Grounds Coffeehouse

345 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City, 338-2024
www.fairgroundscoffeehouse.com

Queer Art Show: Brittany M. Noethen, ink & colored pencil; Jonathan English Jackson, acrylic; Christian Dubya Right, acrylic, mixed media; Greg Frieden, smoke photography; Leah Mills, photography, mixed media; Marc Nelson, oils and mixed media

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, Grinnell
www.grinnell.edu/fulconergallery

Eulenspiegel Puppet Residency, free puppet-making

workshops and performances, August 7-9 • Works in Progress: Prints from Wildwood Press, through August 10 • Return of the Yellow Pearl: A Survey of the Work of Roger Shimomura, opens August 22 • Boschian Imagery Five Centuries Later and a Few Time Zones to the East, prints, ongoing

Iowa Artisans Gallery

207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686
www.iowa-artisans-gallery.com

Michael Kehoe: "Digital Montage," through August 24 • Spontaneous Dance: Raku sculpture and pottery of Barbara Harnack and Michael Lancaster, opens August 29

Iowa Children's Museum

1451 Coral Ridge Ave, Coralville, 625-6255
www.theicm.org

School House Rock, ongoing

Legion Arts / CSPS

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
www.legionarts.org

Check website for flood-related updates

National Czech & Slovak Museum

30 16th Ave SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
www.ncsml.org

Check website for flood-related updates

Old Capitol Museum

Pentacrest, UI Campus, 335-0548
www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap

A Community of Writers: Creative Writing at the University of Iowa, through October 12 • The World Comes to Iowa: Portraits of the International Writing Program, through October 12

Science Station

427 1st St SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-4629
www.sciencestation.org

Closed due to flood

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Drive, Iowa City, 335-1727
www.uiowa.edu/uima/

Closed due to flood

White Rabbit

109 S Linn St., Iowa City
www.myspace.com/whiterabbitgallery

DIY Art Boutique and Gallery—Grand Opening of new S. Linn location, August 2, 5-9pm

MUSIC

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 319-362-7375

www.brucemore.org

Bluesmore featuring Bernard Allison, Nick Moss and the Flip Tops, and Matt Woods and the

Thunderbolts, August 2, 4-9:30pm • Cabaret in the Courtyard—Honky Tonk Highway, August 7-9; and Jane Pini, August 14-16, 7:30pm all nights

Clapp Recital Hall

UI Campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Closed due to flood

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
www.englert.org

Mark Schultz, August 8, 8pm • Friends of Old Time Music, August 9, 7pm

Friday Night Concert Series

Downtown Iowa City, Pedestrian Mall
www.summerofthehearts.org

All concerts 6:30-9:30pm, Free

The Mayflies featuring Annie Savage, August 1 • Ben Soltan Project and Dead Larry, August 8 • Orquesta Alto Maiz, August 15 • Samba Noso and Gglitch, August 22 • Diplomats of Solid Sound, August 29

Gus' Food & Spirits

2421 Coral Ct, Coralville, 545-4290
www.gus-coralville.com

Ernie Peniston, August 2 • Stranded in Iowa, August 9 • Full Circle, August 15 • DJ Nutz Experience, August 16 • Dogs on Skis, August 22 • Karaoke, August 30

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Building, UI Campus, 335-1603
Closed due to flood

The Industry

211 Iowa Ave., Iowa City
www.myspace.com/theindustryic

All shows at 8pm unless otherwise noted

Identity Crisis, August 1 • Brokedownstranger, August 2 • The Cellar Door, White Tornado, August 8 • Snow Demon, August 9 • Dead Larry, Band From Town, August 15 • Disposable Heroes, Fighting Blind, August 16 • The Mayflies, The Cellar Door, August 23 • Mission Creek Presents, August 29 • Funk 101, August 30

Java House

211 E Washington St., Iowa City, 335-5730

Fridays at 8pm shows, free: Joe Uker, August 8 • Ryan and Jesse Dermody, August 15 • Blue Midnight, August 22 • Carol Montage, August 29 • Java Blend with Ben Kieffer (WSUI), Fridays at noon, free: Mike Mangione, August 1 • GrooveShip, August 8 • The Beggarmen, August 15 • Andy White, August 22

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St, Iowa City, 351-9529
www.icmill.com

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

Sunday Night Pub Quiz, Sundays, 9pm-Midnight

A-LIST



Bernard Allison

Bluesmore

Brucemore Mansion

**2160 Linden Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids
Saturday, August 2, 4-9:30pm**

Brucemore stayed dry. That and the fact that this is the 15th anniversary celebration of the event should tell you why it's a must-do.

Blues is that classic American sad-happy art form. From the Delta to St. Louis and up to Iowa, Blues has long been closely tied to the rushing waters of our greatest river. After our difficult summer, this year's blues bash will likely hit a special note for flood survivors. We can relate with the sense of loss, and hopefully, we can let the pain out in a good ol' fashioned sing-along.

The line-up for features Bernard Allison, Nick Moss and the Flip Tops, and Matt Woods and the Thunderbolts. Tickets are \$15.

All in a Day Theater Festival

**United Action for Youth,
355 Iowa Ave., Iowa City
Show: Saturday, August 23, 8pm**

Originally an A-Lister from June, the event was (like so many) delayed by flood.



On Friday, August 22, six writers, six directors and a group of local actors will meet to create six original plays in only 24 hours. The plays will then be performed at 8pm on Saturday, August 23.

The group effort is a joint project of the City Circle Acting Company and Dreamwell Theatre.

If you'd like to help in creating the plays, drop an e-mail to dreamwell@citycircle.org; to be in the audience for the big premiere, just show up Saturday night. Doors open at 7:30pm, and tickets are \$5.

Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8pm (call 338-6713 to sign up)

Songwriters in Residence, 1st & 3rd Wednesdays, 7-10pm, free

Dr Z's Experiment & Insectoid, August 1 • Olde Glory, Broken Spokes, August 2 • Open Goat, Chaircrusher, Feasel & Effelskopes, Hubcap Holmes, I'm On Neptune, Holy Roman Empire, Camel in the Sky, Sean Crowley (Benefit show for Dave Lash memorial), August 7, 5pm • The Toboggan Brothers, Jessie Witherell, August 8 • Catfish Keith, August 9, 8pm • Pokey Lafarge Duo, August 10 • Burlington St. Bluegrass Band, August 13, 7-10pm • Filling Space, August 14, 10pm • Macon Greyson with Shame Train, August 15 • The Beaker Brothers Band, August 16 • Great Lake Swimmers, August 19 • Mike Mangione, Ben Weaver, August 21 • Slanty Shanty Records Showcase, August 22 • The Salsa Band, August 23 • University Of Iowa Jazz Performances, August 26 • Burlington St. Bluegrass Band, August 27, 7-10pm • Koplant No, Slip Silo, August 28 • Nikki Lunden Trio, August 29 • Dead Larry, August 30

Music in the Park Concert Series

**S.T. Morrison Park, 1513 7th St, Coralville,
248-1750**

www.coralville.org

All shows 6:30-8pm, Free

Holiday Road, August 7 • BF Burt & the Instigators, August 14

The Picador

330 E. Washington St, Iowa City, 354-4788

www.thepicador.com

Shows are 19+ with doors at 9pm, or 6pm all ages, unless otherwise noted

A Day To Remember, Indira, Beneath the Villa Bella, Torn from the Throne, August 1, 6pm • Fault Lines, The Hussy, The Damnslaps, August 1, 10pm • Samuel Locke-Ward Orchestra, Monte Carlos, Hey There Cowboy, August 2 • Of Flesh Unseen, Ana autopsy, A Modern Love Story, August 4, 6pm • Ivory Line, There For Tomorrow, Secret Lives of Free masons, Thee Armada, August 10, 6pm • Digital Leather, The Shanks, The Damnslaps, The Black Slacks, August 11 • Natalie Portman's Shaved Head, Datagun, Porno Galactica, August 15 • Backdrop, The Obstacles, Plan to Pull Through, August 16, 6pm • The Devil Wears Prada, Prevail in the Hail of Gunfire, Senseless Beauty, Kidnap the Sun, August 20, 6pm • The Brown Book, August 25 • The Life of Riley, Steve Carlson, August 28, 6pm • VitalLight, August 29 • Skeletonwitch, The Horde, Coronation, August 30, 7pm (all ages)

Red Cedar Chamber Music

Marion, 377-8028

www.redcedar.org

Check website for event locations

Modern chamber music: Music for Seniors series - August 21, 7pm and August 22, 2pm and 6:30pm • Music in Libraries series - August 24, 3pm

Bummed about the smoking ban? Come to...

PHYSICAL CHALLENGE

...AND DANCE! (and smoke in our huge beer garden!)
w/ DJs JOSH BOY, FREAK ILLNESS and THE BEAN!

THURSDAY NIGHTS!!! 19 AND OVER!

Fri. Aug 1 -- ALL AGES 6PM

A Day To Remember

with Indira Beneath the Villa Bella Torn From the Throne

Fri. Aug 1 --

Fault Lines

The Hussy The Damnslaps

Sat. Aug 2 --

Samuel Locke-Ward

Monte Carlos Hey There Cowboy

Mon. Aug 4 --

ALL AGES 6PM

Of Flesh Unseen

Ana autopsy A Modern Love Story

Sun. Aug 10 --

ALL AGES 6PM

Ivoryline

There For Tomorrow Secret Lives of the Freemasons Thee Armada

Fri. Aug 15 --

Natalie Portman's Shaved Head

Datagun Porno Galactica

Sat. Aug 16 --

ALL AGES 6PM

Backdrop

The Obstacles Plan to Pull Through

Wed. Aug 20 --

ALL AGES 6PM

The Devil Wears Prada

Prevail in the Hail of Gunfire Senseless Beauty Kidnap the Sun

Mon. Aug 25 --

The Brown Book

ALL AGES 6PM

Thurs. Aug 28 --

The Life of Riley

Steve Carlson

Fri. Aug 29 --

VitalLight

Sat. Aug 30 --

ALL AGES 7PM

Skeletonwitch

The Horde Coronation

Thurs. Sep 11 --

Langhorne Slim

Centromatic

Thurs. Oct 9 --

Silver Jews

IOWA CITY'S FINEST BEER GARDEN

x **PICADOR** +  =
YOUR SUMMERTIME HANGOUT.



THE PICADOR

330 E. Washington Iowa City, IA
www.thepicador.com

Redstone Room

129 Main Street, Davenport, 563-326-1333

www.redstoneroom.com

Orquesta de Jazz y Salsa Alta Maiz, August 1 • Head Held High, August 2 • Jewish Federation Presents: Israeli Scouts, August 3 • Upon the Awakening, August 3 • Beneath the Villa Bella, August 9 • Tapes 'n Tapes, Drivers of the Year, August 14 • Three Years Hollow, August 15 • Joe Purdy, Meiko, Jay Nash, Chris Seefried, Esme, August 16 • Third Sunday Jazz featuring Ernest Dawkins, August 17 • Legendary Rhythm and Blues Revue featuring Tommy Castro, August 29

Riverside Casino

3184 Highway 22, Riverside, 648-1234

www.riversidecasinoandresort.com

Randy Travis, August 31

Uptown Bill's Small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

www.uptownbills.org

Open Mic, Fridays at 8pm (Signup at 7:30pm)

U.S. Cellular Center

370 First Ave NE, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211

www.uscellularcenter.com

Taylor Swift, August 8

The Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St, Iowa City, 337-6464

www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, August 2 • Mint Wad Willy, Stanwood Charlie, The Treats, August 9 • Dr. Z's Experiment, Abodanga, August 21 • Nirvana Tribute with Nevermind, Dead Larry, August 22 • Taj Weekes & Adowa, Samba Noso, August 23 • Uniphonics, Mad Monks, August 29 • Sublime Tribute with Second Hand Smoke, Tool Tribute with Toolology, August 30

THEATRE / PERFORMANCE / DANCE

All in a Day Theatre Festival

United Action for Youth Center, 355 Iowa Ave., Iowa City

A collaboration of City Circle Acting Company and Dreamwell Theatre

Six original, 10-minute plays, August 23, 8pm

City Circle Acting Company

Coralville, 541-2980

www.citycircle.org

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, August 7-9, S.T. Morrison Park in Coralville, dusk (8:15pm)

Old Creamery Theatre

39 38th Ave, Amana

www.oldcreamery.com

Clue: The Musical, through August 24 • Leaving Iowa, opens September 5

Summit Restaurant Comedy Night

10 S. Clinton St, Iowa City, 354-7473

Wednesdays at 9pm

Danny Browning and TBA, August 6 • Rocky Whatule and TBA, August 13 • Ray Pennitti and Kristy McHugh, August 20 • Don Reese and Paul Wiese, August 27, Dave Eng and El Arnston, September 3

U.S. Cellular Center

370 First Ave NE, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211

www.uscellularcenter.com

World Wrestling Entertainment presents RAW Live, August 29

WORDS

Iowa Summer Writing Festival

Biology Building East, Room 101, UI campus

www.continuetolearn.uiowa.edu/iswfest/

Elevenes Literary Hour, August 1, 11am

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681

www.prairielightbooks.com

No readings currently scheduled for August; check website for updates

FILM / VIDEO

Bijou Theater

Iowa Memorial Union, UI Campus, 335-3258

www.bijoutheater.org

Relocated to Van Allen Hall due to flooding.

Shows at 7pm and 9pm unless otherwise noted.

Surfwise, August 1-7 • *Run, Fatboy, Run*, August 8-14

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

www.englert.org

Riff Raff Theater - I, Robot, August 15, 8pm

Landlocked Film Festival

Presented by Summer of the Arts

Downtown Iowa City, Free

August 21-24, venues include Englert Theatre, Iowa City Public Library, hotelVetro, and Sheraton Hotel
Film details and schedule at www.lfff.org

Park It at the Movies

Outdoors, North Ridge Park, Coralville, 248-1750

Movies begin at dark

Evan Almighty, August 15

Public Access Television of Iowa City

206 Lafayette Street, Iowa City, 338-7035

www.patv.tv

Screenings start at sunset

Free Intro Workshop, August 3, 10am-noon and August 4, 1-3pm • Bike-In Theater 2008: Best of Iowa City Documentary Film Festival and Landlocked Film Festival, August 28 • Open Channel - Be on Live TV, August 29, 7-8pm

Saturday Night Free Movie Series

Outdoors, University of Iowa Pentacrest, Iowa City

Live music at 7:30pm, with movie at dark, unless otherwise noted, Free

www.summerofthearts.org

TBA, August 2 (Pre-show music: Drew Morton)

• Cool Runnings, August 9 (Annie Savage and friends) • Labyrinth, August 16 (Kevin BF Burt)

MISC

Amana Farmers Market

Fridays 4-8pm, midtown Amana

Amana Wine Tour at Amana Heritage Museum

4310 220th Trail, Amana, 319-622-3567

August 28, 3pm

Coralville Farmers Market

1513 7th St., Coralville

Monday and Thursday, 5-8pm

Herbert Hoover National Historic Site

110 Parkside Drive, West Branch, 643-2541

www.nps.gov/heho

Hoooverfest, August 2, Free admission to all events and buildings

Leukemia & Lymphoma Society

Newman Center, 104 E Jefferson, Iowa City, IA

Team in Training informational meetings, August 14, 6pm and August 28, 6pm

Iowa City Farmers Market

Chauncey Swan Ramp. Across from City Hall, 410 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Wednesdays 5:30-7:30pm; and Saturdays 7:30-11:30am

Taste of Iowa City

Presented by the Downtown Association and the University of Iowa

Downtown Iowa City, August 27, 4-8pm

Demented Dumbos

I've read that elephants are now exhibiting aggression previously unseen—including raping rhinos on the African savannah. Have we truly screwed up the elephants that much, or is this merely one of those myths that is now perpetuated in the media?

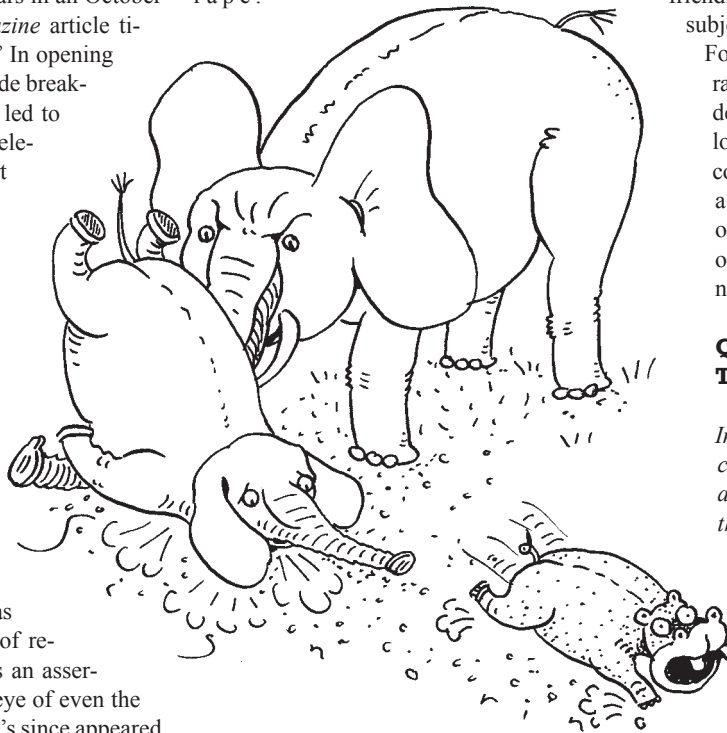
—K. Honey, Georgetown, Ontario

As far as I've seen, the most unambiguous claim that male elephants do with some regularity rape rhinoceroses appears in an October 2006 *New York Times Magazine* article titled "An Elephant Crackup?" In opening his argument that a specieswide breakdown in social cohesion has led to an upsurge in violence by elephants, author Charles Siebert offers evidence that aggression by elephants has been marked by what he calls a "singular perversity": "Since the early 1990's, for example, young male elephants in Pilanesberg National Park and the Hluhluwe-Umfolozi Game Reserve in South Africa have been raping and killing rhinoceroses; this abnormal behavior, according to a 2001 study in the journal *Pachyderm*, has been reported in 'a number of reserves' in the region." That's an assertion guaranteed to catch the eye of even the most inattentive reader, and it's since appeared in other discussions of animal behavior, often phrased in ways suggesting the *NYT* article was the source.

But is it true? Sitting down with the *Pachyderm* study Siebert cites—Slotow et al, "Killing of Black and White Rhinoceroses by African Elephants in Hluhluwe-Umfolozi Park, South Africa"—we learn that between 1991 and 2001 the park's elephants dispatched 63 rhinos, mainly by goring. The authors suggest that the animals responsible were young males who had grown up in social groups from which older males had been "culled" (read: slaughtered by government-commissioned hunters as a population-control measure) and as a result entered a state of heightened, testosterone-fueled aggression called musth much earlier in life than they ordinarily would have. Since similar incidents at Pilanesberg stopped after large adult males were reintroduced into

the population, thus reestablishing the natural male hierarchy, the authors advocate trying the same thing at Hluhluwe-Umfolozi.

Wait a minute, you say—what about the raping part? That's what I said too. I went back through the article a second time, then a third. The reference to abnormal behavior seen in "a number of reserves" has only to do with elephants killing rhinos; nowhere is any mention made of rape.



Seeing a clear need for some inside info, I had my assistant Una get in touch with one of the article's authors, Rob Slotow, director of the Amarula Elephant Research Program at the University of KwaZulu-Natal. Professor Slotow's reply was straightforward: the young elephants seemingly got into ritualized combat situations with the rhinos, as males are wont to do, but having no experience being in the musth state, didn't know they were supposed to back off when the rhinos backed down, with the result that the rhinos wound up dead. "There was," Slotow concluded, "nothing sexual about these attacks." (He went on to report that, sure enough, the attacks on rhinos subsided almost entirely once older males were brought back on board.)

It looks, then, as though there's something wrong with that *NYT* quote above. Best case,

I suppose, is that the article got the underlying facts right—i.e., elephants really were raping as well as killing rhinos at the parks in question—but named the wrong study as their source. This seems unlikely, though: (a) you'd figure that if anything like that was going on, Slotow and colleagues would have been aware of it, and (b) where's the research Siebert meant to cite instead? I'd be interested to hear the *Times Magazine's* take on this, but our friendly attempts to quiz the periodical on the subject have met with no response to date.

For now I won't say that elephant-rhino rape never occurs—there's little doubt that decades of poaching, culling, and habitat loss have played havoc with elephants' complex social and emotional lives, and a traumatized elephant is clearly capable of some scary behavior. But before I sign on, I'd like to see some reporters get their notes organized a little better.

QUESTIONS WE'RE STILL THINKING ABOUT

In my personal and family development class (home ec) my teacher said that salt and pepper are married, so that's why they always have to stay by each other.

If they are, then one has to be the husband and the other the wife.

All of the people I've asked have agreed that the pepper would be the husband and the salt the wife. Well, what if the fork, knife, and spoon were a family? Which

would be the dad, the mom, and the kid, and would the kid be a boy or a girl?

Also, what if thunder, lightning, and rain were a family? How would that go?

—MoxieMolly

I'm proud to say that my kitchen recognizes same-sex marriages for condiments and cutlery.

Comments, questions? Take it up with Cecil on the Straight Dope Message Board, straightdope.com, or write him at the Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Cecil's most recent compendium of knowledge, Triumph of the Straight Dope, is available at bookstores everywhere.

Curses, Foiled Again

An armed man wearing a fake beard and mustache and a wig walked into a bank in Fort Worth, Texas, and demanded cash. Police Lt. Paul Henderson said the robber, who apparently took a taxi to the bank, asked the teller for a ride, but the teller refused, instead handing the man keys and telling him they belonged to a car in the parking lot. They didn't. The frustrated robber tried to steal a car from a woman at a drive-through ATM who said she needed space to pull up; when the robber let her, she drove off. The robber tried to steal another woman's car, but four bystanders grabbed him and called police, who arrested Larry Don Enos, 57.



Mission Accomplished

President Bush's economic stimulus plan stimulated the online porn industry, according to the Adult Internet Market Research Company (AIMRC), which identified an "uncharacteristic" increase in spending. Noting summer is typically a "slow period for this market," Kirk Mishkin, AIMRC's head research consultant, said, "Many of the sites we surveyed have reported 20 to 30 percent growth in membership rates since mid-May when the checks were sent out." Jillian Fox of LSGmodels.com, one of the sites reporting to AIMRC, said a June survey of members found "32 percent referenced the recent stimulus package as part of their decision to either become a new member or renew an existing membership."

What the World Needs Now

Two weeks after a smoking ban took effect in the Netherlands, Rain Showtechnik unveiled a machine that reproduces the traditional odors of bars and cafes, including cigarette and cigar smoke. "There is a need for a scent to mask the sweat and other unpleasant smells like stale beer," company official Erwin van den Bergh told Britain's Daily Telegraph. He said the "Geurmachines" come in various sizes and prices, (from \$900 for café-sized to \$7,000 for exhibition halls) and offer 50 different scents, from tobacco to leather, freshly baked bread and new cars.

When Guns Are Outlawed

<< James Plante Jr., 39, tried using a cheese grater to rob a bar in Crown Point, Ind. According to Lake Criminal Court records, Plante threatened to shoot the bartender and a patron with a gun underneath his shirt. The patron realized it wasn't a gun, however, and grabbed a bar stool to chase Plante, who dropped the grater while fleeing.

- Police in Lincoln, Neb., said that after Carlos Lupercio, 49, argued with a 25-year-old neighbor about the breed of the younger man's dog, Lupercio went inside and returned with a crossbow. He fired at the younger man, who was only two or three feet away and had his back turned, but missed, hitting a tree instead.
- When Frederick McKaney, 40, encountered two women talking on a sidewalk in Jackson, Mich., he said something offensive to them. When they responded in kind, Chief Assistant Prosecutor Mark Blumer said, McKaney "hit one woman over the head with 10 pounds of (frozen) chicken."
- Gelando Olivieri tried to rob a store in DeLand, Fla., by threatening the clerk with a large palm frond. Noting the weapon was a spiked Spanish bayonet, whose leaves have sharp points, the DeLand-Deltona Beacon reported that a customer thwarted the robbery by chasing Olivieri from the store with a bar stool.
- Also in DeLand, two weeks later, police said Gregory Allan Praeger, 46, admitted hitting his mother in the head with a 3-pound pack of Polish sausage.
- A Russian woman killed her husband with a sofa bed. St. Petersburg's Channel Five reported the woman was upset because the husband wouldn't get up, so she kicked a handle that folds the bed into a couch. The man fell between the mattress and the back of the couch, where, emergency workers said, he died instantly.

Ersatz Tubers

Britain's High Court declared that Procter & Gamble's Pringles aren't subject to the 17.5 percent value-added tax because they are not a potato snack. Overturning a VAT Tribunal decision that Pringles met the definition of "potato crisps, potato sticks, potato puffs and similar products made from the potato, or from potato flour, or from potato starch," Justice Nicholas Warren ruled that Pringles are exempt because they contain only 42 percent potato. P&G's Marina Barker said the ruling would save the manufacturer millions.

Guilty Vision

School officials in Simcoe County, Ontario, filed a sexual-abuse report against the mother of an autistic girl because of an educational assistant's visit to a psychic. The National Post reported that Colleen Leduc, 38, was summoned to the school where her 11-year-old daughter, Victoria, is enrolled in a special education class. Leduc said Victoria's teacher and the school's principal and vice principal told her the psychic asked the EA if she works with a little girl with the initial V. When she answered yes, the psychic said, "This girl is being sexually abused by a man between the ages of 23 and 26."

The aide alerted school officials, who notified the Children's Aid Society and gave Leduc a list of her daughter's telltale behaviors. "I challenged them and asked if the other children in the class with autism exhibited these behaviors," Leduc told the paper. "They said, 'Oh yes, all the time.' But they were not reported to the CAS because they didn't have the psychic's tip."

Leduc said that the CAS caseworker immediately closed the file, calling it "ridiculous." The Simcoe County District School Board insisted the officials were only doing their duty by reporting suspected sexual abuse "if they believe there is reasonable grounds."

Gladiator Follies

Australian police arrested a 35-year-old man who brandished an ax outside a cabin in North Rockhampton while challenging a 40-year-old man to step out and fight him. The Brisbane Times reported that when the older man refused, the ax-wielder smashed a sliding glass door. He reached through to unlock it but cut his arm on the broken glass. Then he put his head through the door, this time cutting his neck.


Not-So-Great Escapes


- A 22-year-old Australian woman who tried to escape from jail in Sydney had to be rescued after police said she became stuck in the air conditioning duct she hoped would lead to freedom.
- An inmate tried to escape through air conditioning ducts at the jail in Alton, Texas, but fell through the ceiling into the office of Police Chief Baldemar Flores.


Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Submit items, citing date and source, to P.O. Box 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.


ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR AUGUST 2008


For Everyone—Get your mind outside of the box. This month's aspects seem designed to make us think long and deeply and in new ways about our situation, even as that situation grows more worrisome. The pace of change will accelerate, but the planets won't support immediate action. On the upside, events will remove many obstacles to progress along with some attractive but unrealistic options. The planets will all but force us to get our minds out of familiar grooves. We might find ourselves depending more than ever on intuition and the insight of visionary thinkers for guidance.


 **Aries**—Have faith in others. Everyone close to you needs your support, and lots of it. These personal and family situations are too stubborn and complicated for quick resolution. A lot of people's hands are tied and much of what needs doing is just going to take time. Forces beyond anyone's control will soon bring more changes. Avoid impulsive action yourself and discourage it in others. Optimism about the long-term benefits of all this are justified, though. Earnest, constructive discussions with those involved will yield better answers than you think.


 **Taurus**—Don't rush the future. Impatience with the pace of progress will only lead to frustration. Impulsive actions by you or others won't help, either. Big changes that no one can control or clearly foresee are in the works. These changes will dramatically affect your plans for the future. As the changes become apparent, you will probably want to rethink everything. Many of the changes will go into effect slowly, however, and many will be surprisingly beneficial. With patience and discipline, you can make it all work out in your favor.


 **Gemini**—Take the reins. Events are causing financial concern and distress all around you. However, you are experiencing a kind of financial anti-gravity. Many things that typically pull finances down are either not affecting you or are improving your financial prospects. Many other sudden, unforeseen changes will benefit you, also. With a little fancy footwork, you should come out of this much better than you went in. You have a surprising degree of control in fast changing and confusing circumstances. Use this influence, but be sure to use it wisely.


 **Cancer**—Mix intuition and objectivity. Many things will change forever in August. Change will be especially noticeable in financial areas. Many of the changes will benefit you, though, and efforts to reorganize your finances will bear fruit. Still, a lot of stuff will stay up in the air and events could leave you dangling and a bit disoriented. Serious long-term benefits will flow if you work closely with partners. Be objective, but use your famous intuition. Reason and evidence isn't enough these days. Don't fret on-the-job power plays.


 **Leo**—Keep communication lines open. Events affecting people in key areas of your life could jolt you out of old patterns. There will be significant, long-term changes. Many will come as a complete surprise. However, when the smoke clears, there will be plenty of time to think about how to deal with it all. Positive financial developments will help sustain you through the transition, also. Your control over events will vary considerably from week to week. It would be wise to maintain good communications between yourself and other affected people.


 **Virgo**—Steady as she goes. You might find yourself wondering what the excitement is about. Others will be scurrying to deal with developments that affect you only tangentially. At the same time, you will benefit more directly, more immediately and more concretely than others from the month's positive developments. While others cope with stressful changes, you can just stay on course. The biggest changes will likely be felt on the job. These will bring welcome improvements in your work/life balance. Enlightening personal realizations will help you shed old hang ups.


 **Libra**—A bit more imagination, please. Many things are changing rapidly and no trends are apparent. There isn't much reliable information. And you certainly don't have the money to hedge every single one of your bets. The fact that so many people are depending on you doesn't make it easier. But you must prepare to move in a new direction, soon. To pick that direction, you will need to use intuition, inspiration, faith, fuzzy logic, and outright guesswork. Fortunately, your luck is running high and it favors imaginative problem solving approaches.

 **Scorpio**—Get ready for a seismic shift toward something simpler and better. You might feel that things are still too complicated, your life too cluttered with lingering issues in many important areas. August will not bring a giant leap forward. However, the events of August will settle many leftover issues, freeing you to think more clearly about the future. The suddenness and thoroughness of some of the changes might startle you a bit. Money managers, bankers, financial administrators and others will be surprisingly helpful as you adjust to the new reality.

 **Sagittarius**—Don't sweat the old stuff. Unforeseen events could have worrisome implications. However, partners and authority figures will show ingenuity and generosity as they help you successfully work through any difficulties created by events. Unexpected developments will also simplify relations with people at a distance and with people closer to home. The changes will help you achieve greater harmony with all concerned and bring you greater personal satisfaction. You may feel blocked and quite irritated as irresponsible people raise old and bothersome issues. In most cases, you can safely ignore them.

 **Capricorn**—Be patient and confident. Your frustration with family or associates who live and work at a distance from you might peak this month. Their behavior is affecting your job situation and your financial interests. Despite the complexity of the situation and its seeming urgency, there will be time to work things out. Proceed slowly but confidently. You hold the key to a successful resolution. Don't be surprised if unexpected events simplify the situation and create a pathway where none existed. A time of personal growth and financial expansion lies ahead.

 **Aquarius**—Personal transformation. Your inspirational and motivational engines will be working overtime this month. You are also due for some surprising and beneficial personal realizations. Relationships that have become a burden will fall away. A new, more more impressive and effective you will emerge. But you will need to take it easy. Slow progress on many issues could cause nervous strain. Also, you will be a bit vulnerable, the way a butterfly is when it emerges from its cocoon. It's best to rest and let things unfold at their own pace.

 **Pisces**—Draw on your inner resources. Inwardly, this will be a dynamic, rewarding month. Outwardly, things could be frustrating. Work issues still won't mesh with family and relationship issues. Don't respond impulsively to delays and frustrations. You can make real progress through patient negotiation. Your social and community standing are due for a major upgrade. This advancement will put work, family and social issues in a new light. You can also use recent realizations about yourself to reshape your life goals appropriately. Schedule some downtime. The excitement could take a toll.

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